Entertainment for the Adventurous Lesbian

ON OUR BACKS

Sept - Oct, 1989

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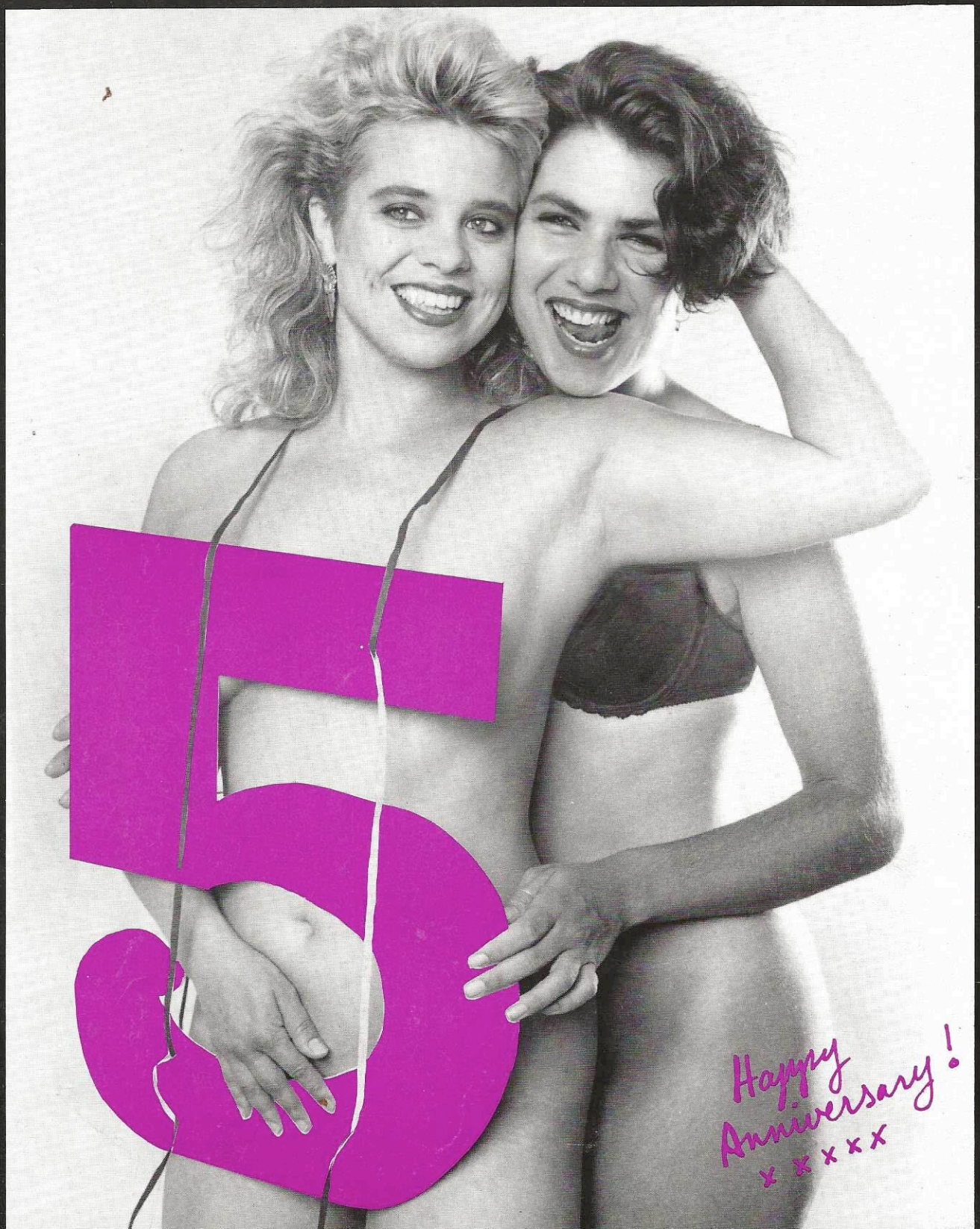

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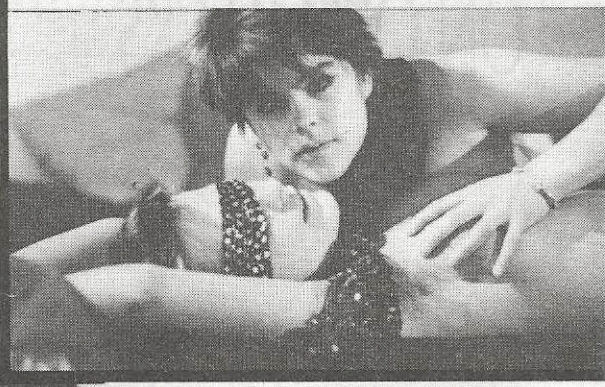

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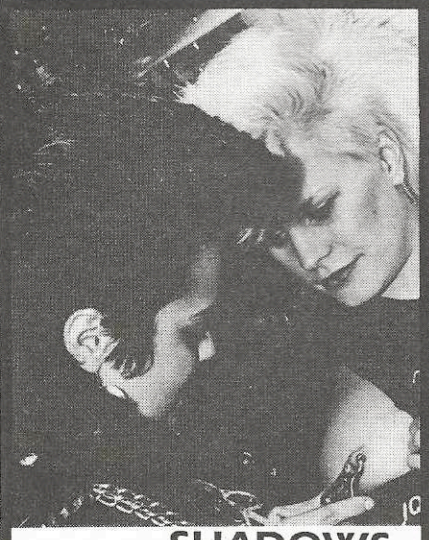

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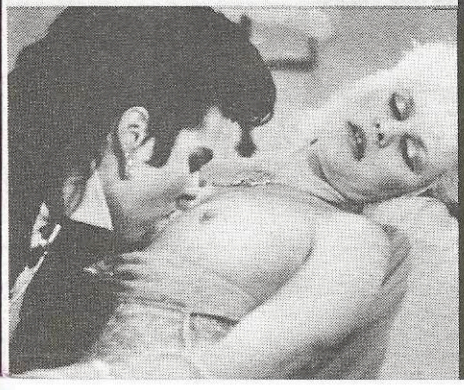

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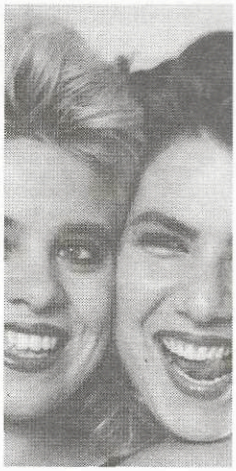
Entertainment for the Adventurous Lesbian

ON OUR BACKS

Vol. 6, No. 1 Sept - Oct, 1989

Fanny has
the answers — p.12



COVER: Jill Posener
MODELS: Denise and
Phoenix

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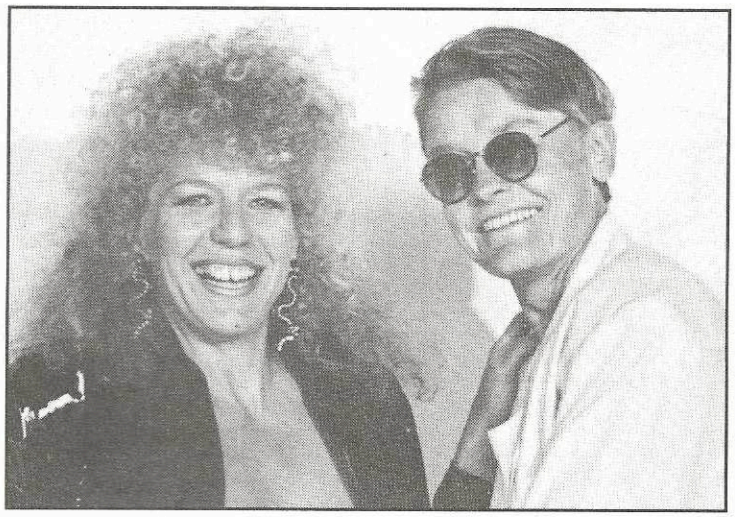

Debi Sundahl and Nan Kinney *On Our Backs* publishers and *Fatale Video* producers

Women made erotic materials for themselves for the first time in the 1980s. We began to change sexual images controlled for decades by men. This act is nothing if not autonomous, radical and feminist.

On Our Backs was the very first lesbian sex magazine made for a lesbian audience. We have accomplished many firsts, and have seen, in a short period of time, the influence of our endeavors. In the 1990s, lesbian sex will influence, in ever greater degrees, mainstream sexual behavior and imagery.

(continued on next page)

HONEY LEE COTTRELL

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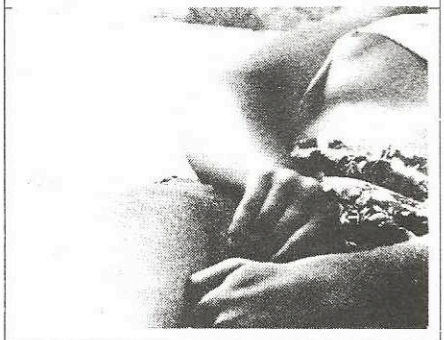

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The pinnacle of our accomplishments came last month when Susie Bright, our Editor, gave her historic lecture on lesbian sexual images from the 60s, 70s and 80s at the San Francisco Lesbian and Gay Film Festival. The elegant Castro Theater was filled to capacity; women were sitting in the aisles and spilling over the balcony. An unfortunate group of 200 were creating a mob scene outside because they could not get in. The audience was deeply appreciative of the excerpts from lesbian sex scenes culled from X-rated, Hollywood and lesbian/feminist movies. When Susie received a standing ovation, we knew we had indeed accomplished our goals: to see lesbian erotica recognized as a powerful and liberating expression of our culture. Ironically, as a very vocal group expressed that night at the Castro theater, lesbians want more graphic and passionate images of their sexuality. Now we at *On Our Backs* find ourselves in the interesting position of striving to keep up with that demand.

Among our accomplishments in the last five years are the creation of a lesbian market and distribution network; the production of a consistent, quality, bi-monthly publication; the development and support of lesbian artists; and the building of a small cadre of advertisers making quality sex products, who are willing to gear their ads to speak directly to lesbian needs.

> SEXUAL denial was perilously close to sending us back into our closets.

When *On Our Backs* debuted in 1984, the lesbian media was monopolized by politicos asserting their single-minded view of what a lesbian and her sexuality should be, even though they never said the word lesbian. Lesbians were "women", "wimyn" or "wimmin"; and girl, wimmin were angry! Debi was a Women's Studies student and Nan a self-defense instructor from Minnesota. We were immersed in these politics, and we had had it with the rigidity and uptightness spoiling the euphoria we felt in being lesbians. We were encouraged when we rushed down to our local "feminist" (code word: lesbian) bookstore to buy some sexual reading material and found *Coming to Power.* But aside from a handful of sporadic sex journals written in the early 80s, like the *Heresies Sex Issue* or *Sapphic Touch*, there was nothing else available. So, we looked sexual poverty in the eyeball, moved to San Francisco, and started *On Our Backs.*

We made a conscious decision to express the political nature of sex in an entertainment format, in an effort to put the fun and diversity back into lesbian life; and printed the word "lesbian" loud and proud on our masthead. The radical feminist mouthpiece at the time was the anti-sex wymmin's newspaper *off our backs.* As a signal to the lesbian community that the times were changing, we called ourselves *On Our Backs.* The sacrilege for the self-righteous is satire, and oob did not laugh. Instead, they trademarked their initials (oob), and informed us that we could not use these initials when making reference to our magazine. And so began *On Our Backs* trademark irreverence.

On Our Backs also broke with tradition simply by looking like a real magazine. Aside from a handful of women's newspapers, the only thing a lesbian could get her hands on back then was a few badly typed, mimeographed pages, complete with swiped illustrations and third grade stories. *On Our Backs* seemed slick in comprarison, with its 48 pages of formatted columns, pictorials, ads and stories.

Many lesbian artists had stashes of erotic stories with no place to publish them. *On Our Backs* gave these writers and artists a new opportunity, with pay to boot. How ever nominal our contributors' payments are, the importance of recognizing that lesbians should be paid for their work was a relatively new *(continued on page 41)*

Latin Love, Submerged Barbie Doll & Vanillaville

Little did she know

A friend of mine brought me back a copy of *On Our Backs* from L.A., thinking that I would be shocked and repulsed. Little did she know. My introduction to *On Our Backs* bordered on a spiritual experience. Keep up the good work.

Elizabeth A. McDonnell
Everett, WA

You were the first

I have found some really super information in your magazine. You were the first to talk about dental dams, complete with pictures. I set out on a mission to find them in Racine, Wisconsin. My dentist was apoplectic when I announced that they were now used as safe sex materials. Each time I get my teeth cleaned, he brings up the subject of safe sex.

Mary McGrath
Racine, WI

Damp underpants

I just had to drop you a quick note to say that I'm one of the many women who look forward to each issue with great anticipation and damp underpants. My roommate encourages me to get rid of back issues because they clutter up my bedside table drawer, but she'll never get me to sacrifice any of them in favor of an empty, neat and boring drawer.

I especially appreciate your acceptance of women of all races, sizes and appearances. One of the best qualities of *On Our Backs* is its variety — although there are occasional articles that do nothing for me, I appreciate and respect your determination to provide erotic lesbian literature for us all.

Cecelia Garrison
Honolulu

JESSICA FISHER

More than just sex

Several months ago I placed a personal ad in *On Our Backs*. I had several responses, but one particular reply caught my attention. At the time I placed the ad, I lived in New Hampshire, and this reply was from North Carolina. At first I thought that was too much distance to establish a relationship. I was wrong!

We wrote several times and I found myself developing some serious feelings for this woman. After a few months of writing and long phone calls, I flew down to meet her. I fell in love big time! Our first few times together (weekends) we never left the hotel!

But it was more than just sex...much, much more. I moved down to North Carolina in December and we've been living together since then. We plan on getting married in the near future and starting a family. I have never been so happy in my entire life — and I owe it to *On Our Backs* and the personals.

Karen and I want to thank you for making our being together possible. If it weren't for *On Our Backs* we never would have met.

Marcia Rintoul
Greensboro, NC

Countless orgasms

That spread of "Gals and Dolls" in your March-April issue has given me countless incredible orgasms. I have a fantasy about having a beautiful blonde only 12 inches high, and tying her miniature arms upward and her ankles way out, exposing her naked body, then taking a huge feather and tickling the daylights out of her. Then I'd watch her scream with laughter and beg me to stop. While she's extremely hot I'd lick her pussy to a mind–blowing orgasm.

I love the beautiful model in the spread, but I mostly love how she ran the doll's legs in and out of her pussy, then turned the doll over and licked

(continued on page 7)

(continued from page 5)
her ass. If it were a real miniature woman, she couldn't do a thing about it but enjoy it. One thing you left out, though, was that you didn't have the model running her bare foot seductively over her little victim's body. I adore women's bare feet. I'm sure there are other readers who have similar fantasies. Please do more on this theme.

I thank all of you sweethearts so very much for bringing lesbianism to life.

Janice Hines
Carlsbad, CA

Confused Information

The letter *On Our Backs* received some months ago from a woman in Northhampton denouncing the lesbian feminists who "closed down Womonfyre Books" was full of misinformation, confused information, and was written to do a great deal of harm. Womonfyre Books had many complicated problems, much of them financial, before they ever carried lesbian erotica. These problems were known in the community by the display of a "donation can" on the counter, the owner's continuous conversation about her problems, and years of trying to find a buyer for her business.

It is sad but true that Lunaria refuses to carry lesbian erotica and have very flimsy reasons for their decisions. I personally do not feel comfortable in their store and I resent the censoring of lesbian voices. But I also resent reading lies in *On Our Backs* and having the rest of the amazon nation wonder what the hell is happening in Northampton.

Please do not use Womonfyre as an example of fundamentalist feminists in action. There is so much more to the story — and everyone had a part in it, including the owners — as is usually the case.

Marie Patten
Northampton, MA

During the last two months On Our Backs conducted a massive fundraising campaign to enable us to continue publishing bi—monthly. Along with an outpouring of donations we received many encouraging letters that were as important to our morale as to our finances. Following are just some of the responses we received.

That's What Sex Is For

I'm more than happy to help out a group of people and a magazine that I consider to be extraordinary. I have never before felt that any phenomenon (and *On Our Backs* is a phenomenon!) came closer to feminism as I believe it should be: a process, not a dogma; a shapeable thing that each woman embodies and therefore changes. Each woman helps create the meaning of feminist.

I also like the fact that *On Our Backs* encourages us to indulge in sex. Hell, that's what sex is for.

Sara Arlen

Passion Beyond Belief

My friend in New England recently sent me the May/June issue of *On Our Backs*. I'm sure she was very hot in anticipation of my reaction to the thought-provoking story, "Butch Flip". While in Paris we had a passion beyond belief. We were coming and going in cafes and trains. But I was at her mercy in the language department and in love."She kept making me wait."

Things changed when I lured her to Spain to meet "the family". A true flip occurred. Suddenly she was at my mercy in language and in love.

One afternoon after much talking and waiting she attempted to regain her dominant composure. In an unsuccessful attempt to hold me down, I flipped her over and held her down with one hand. (I had been holding back my strength.) I held her down for two hours and she quickly learned the true meaning of "hot latin love."

Pleased in Tampa, Fla.

Wife Expands Options

My wife (a dyke who decided to expand her options) subscribes to *On Our Backs*. I find the stories and photographs interesting though not usually arousing – but of course they're not written for me in the first place. I have always admired the Victoria Woodhulls and Susie Brights of the world, who defy the Anthony Comstocks and Edwin Meeses by defending women's sexual freedom.

Russell Williams
San Jose, CA

Goddess Lesbos

My support shall always be with the matriarchies, goddess Lesbos, dominant femininity. I need some sort of support out here in Vanillaville. Stay kinky, and Happy Anniversary!

Spiroe

Hot-blooded

Your publication is magnificent, and several past issues should be stacked on the nightstands of every hot–blooded woman–lover.

Nancy

Don't Stop

I don't ever want you to stop publishing. At times you seem my only link to women who love sex. For too long I thought I was the only one.

Mary Ann Scheidler
Cincinnati, OH

ERRATA: Apologies to Amiee, Yaguine & Peri for mispelling their names in our March/April centerfold.

On Our Backs explodes the "lesbians aren't very sexual" stereotype. I love the way it blows minds. — Nina Hartley, **erotic actres**

ON OUR BACKS

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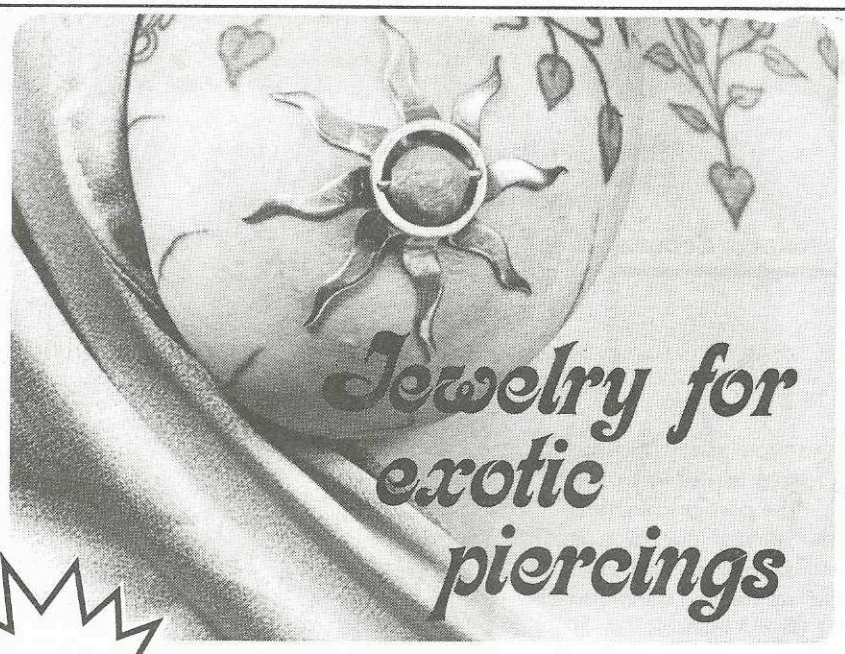

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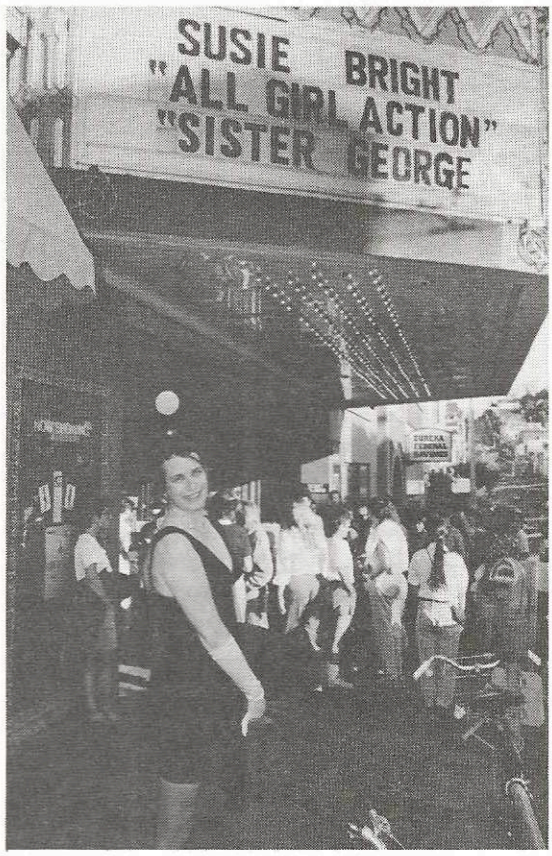
Looking forward to another five years of the magazine whose pages turn like women in bed. — **Barbara Hammer, filmmaker**

Susie Sexpert Reports



Susie's predictions for the 90's — lesbian porn in every pot.

Lesbians are the vanguard of cross-pornographic pollination . . .

A STAR IS PORN

Are you ready for the gay nineties — or is it the *post-gay* nineties? Sexual liberation is going to have a new theme in the next decade and the motto is: "Get Over Yourself."

Five years ago I was entreating readers of the first issue of *On Our Backs* to discover that "penetration is only as heterosexual as kissing." Now the dildo wars are over and guess what? We won. So stick it in and enjoy it. Lesbian sex is still a blank look in many parts of America's closet, but the trend—the fashion if you will—is lesbians on parade. Even straight couples are buying dildos now, and only their lubricant knows who's playing the boy and who's playing the girl.

When I came out in the women's movement of the 70s, I know I was part of an unprecedented generation of novice dykettes. But what's going on with young women today makes my crowd look puny. I don't know quite how they're figuring it all out without the benefit of herb teas and consciousness raising groups, but I see more queer young things running around today than I ever did ten years ago.

They're sporting crewcuts together with frosted lipstick, suspenders with high heels, a gay style with pop culture. And this time the gay flair isn't being singlehandedly developed by the boys. It's the women who have the most handsome feathers.

Please don't tell me that's androgyny—I have a faded flannel shirt to remind me of what that turned out to be a euphemism for. It wasn't the best of masculinity and femininity *en flagrante*—it was zero femininity and milk toast butch.

That's why now, when we want to complement someone's visual menu , we say "genderfuck" instead of androgynous.

Words have changed a lot. In the 60s it was "orgies", reminiscent of Rome; in the 70s, "group sex", reminiscent of EST; and now it's a word right out of Pee-Wee Herman's vocabulary: "Play Parties". "Play Party" emphasizes a social occaision, not a bacchanalia, a game atmosphere rather than psychoanalysis.

Play parties are for the pleasure and reputation of only a relative few, though. By far the most popular trend is kinky monogamy and erotic merchandising. The only question I had when I was invited to my first Jill-Off party was: "Where are the outlets?"

I see outlets in your future, girlfriend. I see 250 volts conversing though your swollen cunt lips, and I see a strap-on looming straight ahead.

Hand-held dildos are out, strap-ons are in. You need your hands for other things, like holding her arms over her head so you can whisper your nastiest phone sex script into her ear.

If your lavender life-like dick slips out, for goodness sakes do us a favor and guide it back in without a lot of flailing around. Or just lay still and make her do it—she's probably in the biggest hurry.

Bigger *is* better; I will predict this without blushing. With strap-ons you need a couple of inches extra just to play with and stay connected. If you are one of those girls who is still saying "no, no, no, it's too big!" you're either turning me on, or you're the last person in Cincinnati who won't use a good lubricant. Slippery does it.

I mentioned talking dirty before, and that's definitely *in*—we'll be talking more and *wearing* more in bed. Anyone who is still crawling in between the sheets buck naked is a total bore. We are off the farm now, Gidget: there's no turning back.

Madame Sexpert predicts that S/M will continue setting vogues for the latest trends in plain old passionate love making: pierced labia, uncomplicated bondage, spanking, sucking toes, vibrator torture and begging for it are all just business as usual. Please don't even consider yourself an S/M dyke unless you have at least four whips and a set of monogrammed alligator clips.

SUSIE BRIGHT

RINK FOTO

It's great to have a magazine for lesbians that talks about how we really do it. — **Joanne Loulan, therapist**

We're going to start talking about what we do instead of who we supposedly are. Don't say "I'm an S/M lesbian," when you could be saying, "I fantasize eating out my manicurist on the bathroom floor with her mouth gagged by a rubber ball," or, "I pinch my nipples when I masturbate until they're hard as points," or, "Fist me until the sweat drips off my lip." Isn't that much more enlightening?

Every lesbian video and bestselling book you'll see in the near future is going to address lesbian sexuality. The whole amazon nation is going to get their two bits in. You won't be heard any longer for simple criticism—it's put up or shut up time for the lesbian media circus.

Lesbians are the vanguard of cross-pornographic pollination these days. We've been the first to go public with how fun it is to check out how the other half, thirds, and quarter swings. We've always been thoughtful as well as stimulated by porn, and now that analysis is going to come in handy. Lesbians will make porn respectable. I mean it.

The best thing about the anti-porn movement among lesbians was that at least we got a chance to be intellectual about it, unlike the traditional bible-thumping put-downs.

Following the same process, if you can exercise your brain thinking about how and why sexual images affect you so strongly, you're well on your way to joining the Erotic Literacy Society. Sexuality is the artist's domain in the next decade. We're going to do it all night and write it, paint it, and video tape it all day.

Okay, AIDS. I'd love to have the winning number on this one. AIDS is one of the vicious incentives toward 90s sexual diversity. It will leave a lasting consciousness and preventative behavior towards all STDs.

People will be thinking about safer sex techniques on a more sophisticated and personal basis. Gloves and condoms are here to stay. Microwave Saran wrap will be the barrier of choice for those who avoid oral-genital contact, and you can use any extra rolls for a nice mummification scene. Bleeding gums are probably the biggest danger in cunnilingus, not pussy juice. I predict more brushing and flossing.

Personal sex ads are in. Fisting on the first date is in. Switching is in. Teasing (her cunt, not your hair) is very in. And then giving her exactly what she wants is in. Pleasing yourself is going to be more of a pleasure. I can't wait for the 90s. Do the Right Thing. Δ

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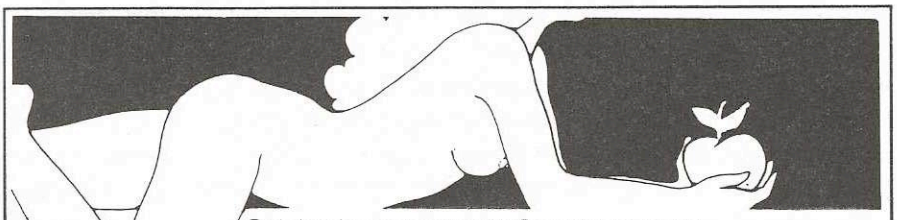

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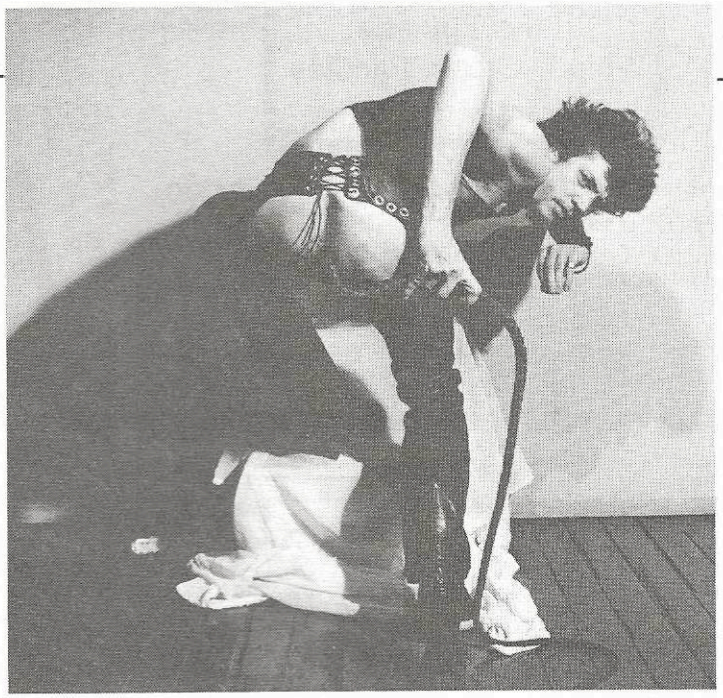


Mapplethorpe's "Self-Portrait with Whip" brought down the wrath of the NEA.

National Endowment For The Right

If you thought we had artistic freedom in the United States, think again. Organizations funded by the sugar daddy of the nonprofit artworld, the National Endowment For The Arts, are being pressured to censor sexual content or face the threat of losing that support.

Controversy has erupted over the work of the late Robert Mapplethorpe, a gay photographer whose work was frequently sexually explicit and homoerotic. For those of you unfamiliar with Mapplethorpe's work, we're not talking Burning Buns magazine here. Mapplethorpe, who died of AIDS in March at age 43, was one of the most widely acclaimed photographers in America and a pioneer in erotic photography. Though Mapplethorpe's work is not the only controversial artist to be criticized, this incident stands out because of the overtly gay and explicitly sexual nature of the images being targeted.

An exhibit of Mapplethorpe's work at the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. (funded by the NEA) was cancelled when right–wing members of Congress (led by Rep. Dick Armey, R-Tex., and Jesse Helms) criticized the use of government funds for "homoerotic shots of men, a sadomasochistic self-portrait of the artist, and other morally repugnant materials of a sexual nature." Congress later moved to cut the NEA budget by $45,000, a symbolic punishment for funding the show. Worse yet, the Senate additionally voted to bar NEA funding from being used to "promote, disseminate or produce obscene or indecent materials, including *but not limited to* depictions of sadomasochism, homoeroticism, the exploitation of children, or individuals engaged in sex acts or material which denigrates the objects or beliefs the the adherents of a particular religion or non-religion" (italics ours). The measure would ban work that denigrates people on the basis of "race, creed, sex, handicap, age or national origin" — not sexual preference! The Senate also voted to cut federal funding for the institute which originally supported the Mapplethorpe exhibit. The Senate measure is on its way to the House of Representatives, and a battle is expected.

The NEA is currently prohibited by federal law from interfering with the content of the work it supports. Armey and his cohorts want to confine funding to artwork that is "respectful of the taste of the vast majority of the American people." Just what we need — federal funding of Geraldo Rivera. Δ

PHOTO ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE

 Thanks to *On Our Backs* for five years of showing that we dykes suck more than tofu, practice things other than the lesbo missionary position,

Is It Sex or Is It Lesbianism?

"It wasn't a male and a female, so I don't know if you would call it sex," says New Hampshire State Senator Thomas Magee (Republican, if you hadn't guessed). A bachelor party attended by Senator "Party Animal" Magee and 50 other men at a New Hampshire hotel was broken up by the police due to the entertainment — two female strippers performing sexual acts together. The New Hampshire Liquor Commission is still unsure if the lesbian performance constituted a "real" sex act (and thus violated liquor laws). Shades of Queen Victoria, who struck references to women from England's statute against homosexuality because she couldn't imagine how it was possible.

WHAT DID YOU THINK THEY WERE DOING SENATOR MAGEE, BREAST EXAMS? DID YOU THINK THEY WERE PLAYING OLD MAID?!
STATE LIQUOR CONTROL BOARD

How about it, women — would we rather be illegal or invisible?

Get Me To The Church On Time

Northern Europe has come through again! Denmark has passed legislation permitting same-sex marriages. The law took effect on August lst, making Denmark the second country to legitimize gay relationships - Sweden already has a similar law. Danish gay marriage has almost the same status as hetero marriage, most notably in the areas of inheritance, taxation, divorce, and access to social services — the unfortunate exception is adoption rights.

Would You Want Your Daughter to Marry One?

Lesbian marriage partners contribute to bigotry, according to yet another wacky Republican, New Jersey Governor Thomas Kean. At a symposium sponsored by the Anti-Defamation League, Governor Kean condemned "trash TV" for contributing to bigotry and prejudice by its focus on "sado-masochistic bikers, lesbian marriage partners, strippers, prostitutes, racists, skinheads, satanists and murderers." He continued his twisted logic by concluding that "the gospel we get from trash TV is: It is all right to hate; it is all right to do reprehensible things, it is all right to punch or beat someone you don't agree with."

Reprehensible? That's a pretty strong word, Mr. Kean. We usually reserve it for people who condemn prejudice and bigotry while expressing it in the same breath.

Sextracts: *Greta Christina*
Illustrations: *Kris Kovick*

Heard any interesting news or good gossip that you'd like to see in Sextracts? Chances are we'd like to see it too! Send it in to: Sextracts, ***On Our Backs***, 526 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

and can plumb the depths of debauchery with the best of them. Long may you keep us sliding off our seats. — **Ingrid Wilhite, filmmaker**

"... A BITCH IS GREAT IN THE SACK ..."

FANNY FATALE SINKS HER TEETH INTO HER READERS' LUST LIVES.

SINGLES ETIQUETTE

Dear Fanny: Last night I made love with a friend I've known for ten years. Actually, she's my gynecologist. We always liked each other from the start of our patient/professional relationship, and over the years she started to share a bit of her life with me, especially in the last six months.

Her lover left her. I'm newly single myself and still hung up on my last fatal attraction. I imagine she's pretty lonely and weird, like I have been.

I always loved the way she touched me as a physical therapist, and that feeling continued when she fucked me. It was really sweet, and she had me high for a couple of hours.

Then I wanted her to go home. But she wanted to stay, and I couldn't be so cold. She probably wanted me to fuck her, but I turned and went to sleep. Now it's morning and I wonder, did I do the wrong thing? I really care for her and I would like to have sex again, but I don't want her to want very much from me! Am I a bitch or what? What should I do?

Anxious

Dear Anxious: *A bitch is great in the sack, and unfortunately, your doctor didn't get a chance to answer that question for you.*

Your manners are atrocious. Of course she wanted the favor returned, and you did the "wrong thing" by not fucking her back. There is nothing better for easing the loneliness and insecurity of the transition into singledom than finding a woman in the same position as yourself and giving each other emotional and sexual nurturance. I imagine your fears of her wanting too much held your sexual feelings in check.

When you meet such a person and are lucky enough to share a special night, milk it for all it's worth and treat each other good. Your fear that she will want more emotionally from you is a common one, but don't give in to it because you won't really know until later anyway; and it will only end up ruining the care both of you desperately need for that night.

Hold her and kiss her in the morning, and tell her how special the evening was. Tell her how great it was to find someone to "get you through the night," and ask her if you can call again if you find yourself in that state. That way, you have tactfully told her that your evening together was just a pleasant interlude. If she sends you flowers, thank her. If she leaves messages on your machine every day, you have another fatal attraction on your hands, so stay out of her office chair.

ONE TIME ONLY

Dear Fanny: What do you do with a girl who will try anything once, but not again? (She obviously had a good time.)

Chivalrous

Dear Chivalrous: *Those who have made a conscious decision to explore and expand their sexual self and activities quickly get over their reservations. Those who have not made this decision, take a much longer time to understand their feelings, or may never want to. Assessing where she's at psychologically will tell you how far and how quickly you'll get her back into the sack.*

Common reactions to a new sexual adventure are shyness and pretending that it didn't really happen. Patience is the best response to this avoidance behavior.

People naturally feel vulnerable and insecure when they do something new sexually. It brings up new issues for them ranging from her feelings for you, to sexual identity questions, to breaking taboos. Encourage her to talk about what happened, making sure you include your own feelings in the discussion. Refrain from getting too neurotic or insisting you talk immediately afterward. Reassurance and just listening are most helpful.

Sometimes performance insecurities are the problem. For instance, if a person has never or rarely been fucked in the ass before, they may worry about their partner's expectations of demanding it all the time, or fear that they were turned-on

HONEY LEE COTTRELL

once by the situation, but may not be the next time. Or they may not have gotten off or had difficulty in doing so. Or perhaps all the fuss with positioning oneself, fooling with rubber gloves or finger cotts, or applying lubrication made them uncomfortable or was frustrating. They simply need to be reassured that reaching orgasm the first time when trying something new is unusual, and that with time, patience and practice will solve the matter.

WANTING THE REAL THING

Dear Fanny: Where do you get those life-like dildoes that I've seen in *On Our Backs*? They don't seem to have such things in Australia.

Down Under

Dear Down Under: *Those look-alike cocks are called the* Family Jewels, *and they were ingeniously created by a company called Elite Enterprises in Kansas City.*

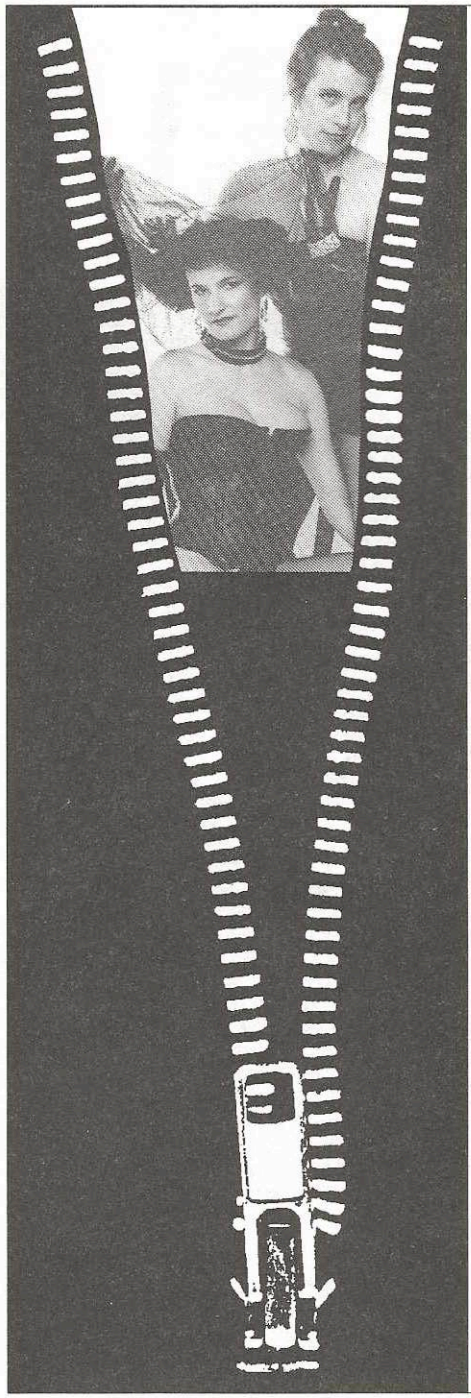
The Family Jewels fulfilled consumer demands for an alternative to the ugly, poor quality, beige number which has plagued us and restricted our sex toy inventory for years. Sales of this underground product were skyrocketing.

I say "were" because rumor has it that their cottage factory burnt down. Doc Johnson, the Proctor & Gamble of the sex toy business, fashioned his 1956 locker room/stag party/sex-is-a-dirty-funny-joke mentality into the look and (non)quality of his "marital aids" products. He has replaced the Family Jewel with his own model, but sorry, Doc. Close but no cigar. As usual, he can smell the money but he just doesn't get the idea.

Good Vibrations, the woman-owned alternative to male-dominated adult book stores (it's not that I don't like sleaze, just the boys' club control and old-fashioned mindset), is our reliable resource on sex toys. Family Jewels are no longer available, but new products appear all the time. The best way to stay on top of the products the small, alternative, money-back guarantee companies are making, is to secure Good Vibrations' catalog. ($1.00 each; 3492 22nd St., San Francisco, CA 94110)

Best rule of thumb when finding a sex toy you can't live without: buy it by the case. Δ

Ladies, send your queries about lesbian life and love to Ask Fanny, 526 Castro St, San Francisco CA, 94114.



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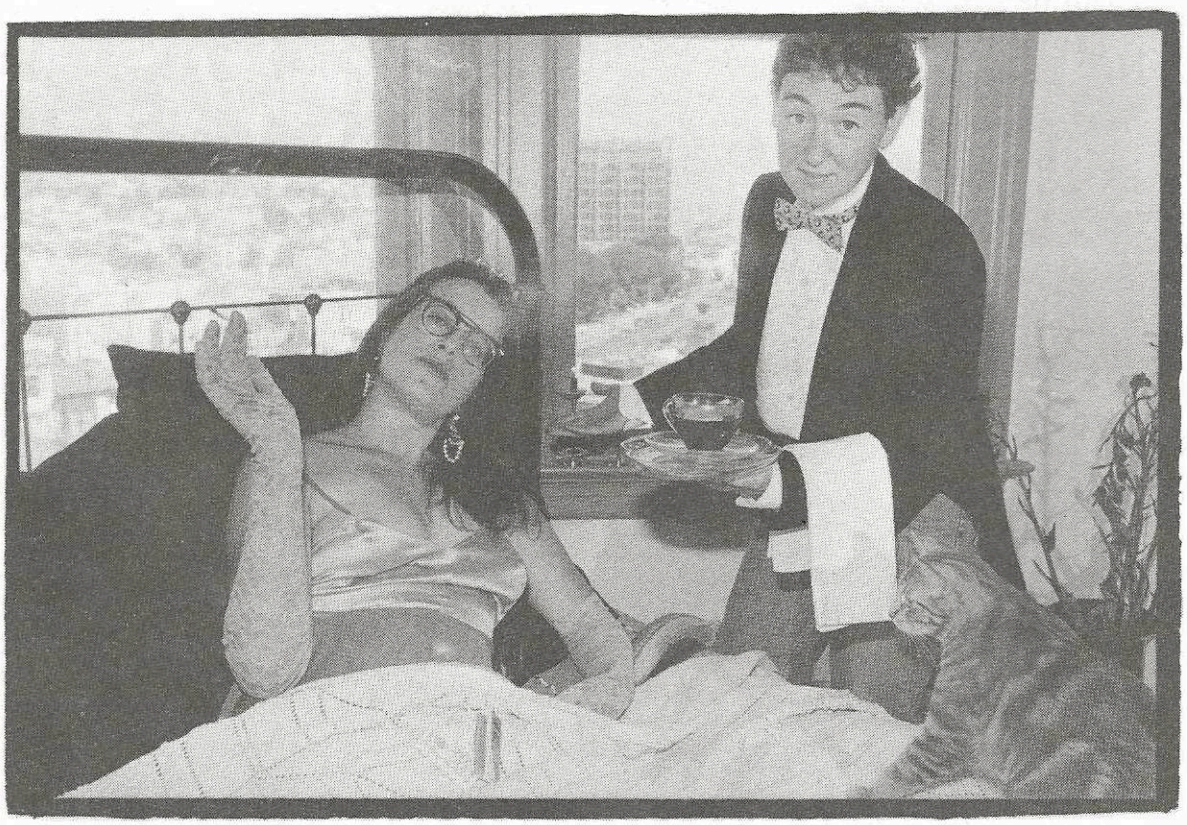
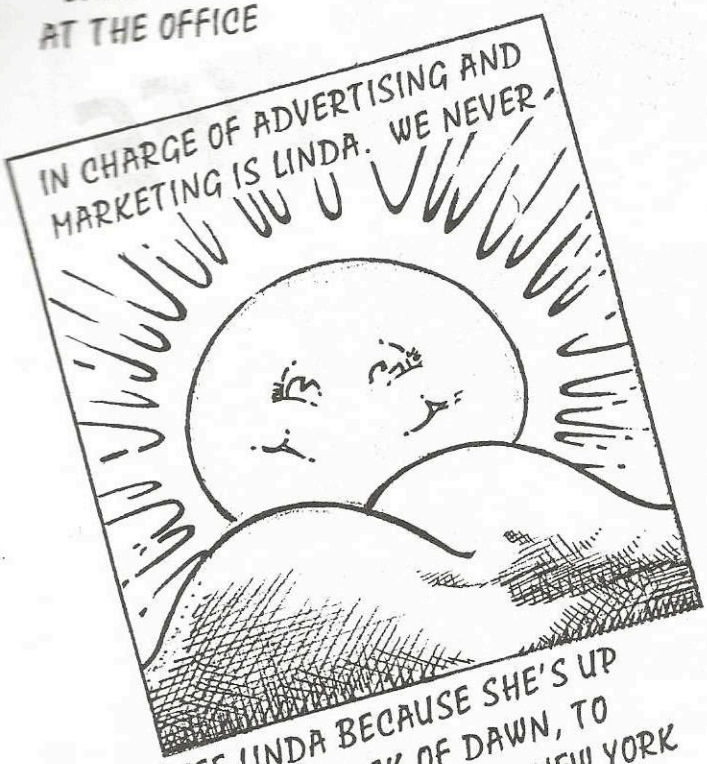
HERE FINALLY IN WORDS & PICTURES, THE TERRIFYING TRUTH!



7:00 A.M. JILL, TRUSTY PHOTO EDITOR, WAKES SUSIE, STAR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, WITH A CUP OF ENGLISH TEA. THE CATS HAVE ALREADY BEEN FED.

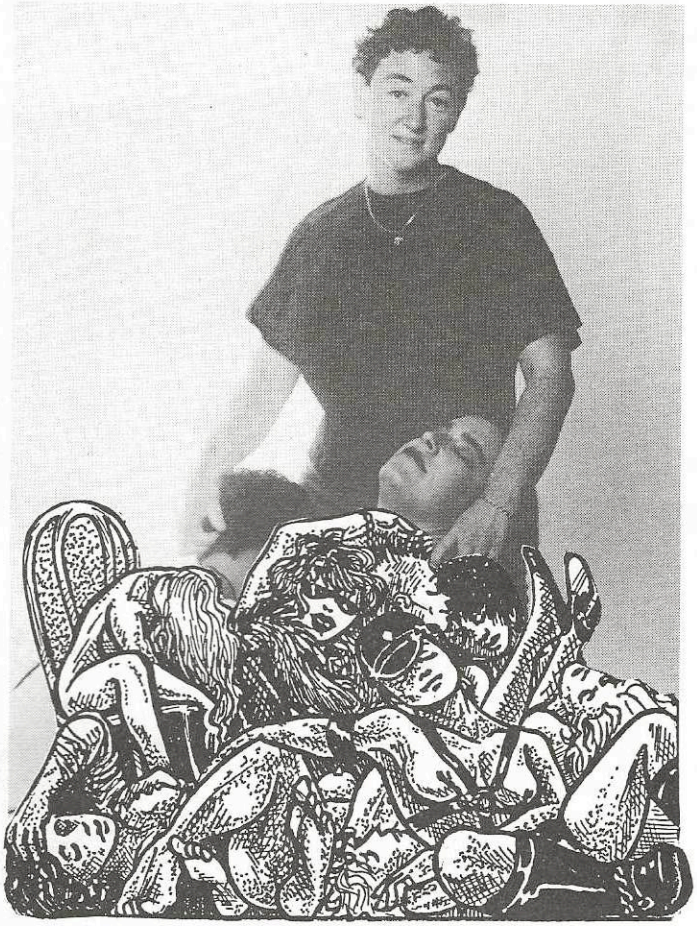
EARLY A.M.
AT THE OFFICE



SEE LINDA BECAUSE SHE'S UP AT THE CRACK OF DAWN, TO CATCH RECALCITRANT NEW YORK ADVERTISERS ON THE PHONE!

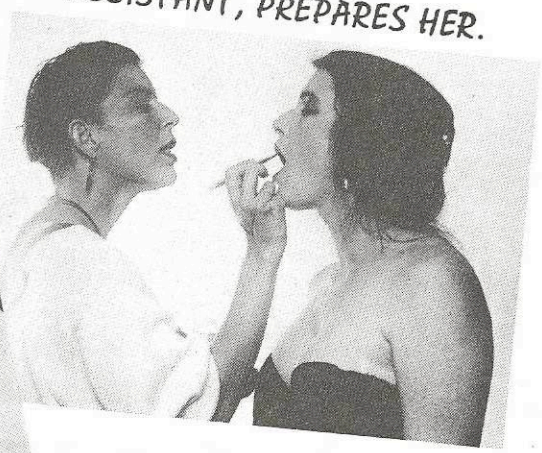
WHILE JILL RUSHES TO THE STUDIO AND FANTASIZES OF WOMEN FALLING AT HER FEET.

"IF ONLY MY MODELS WEREN'T SO BEAUTIFUL."



SUSIE'S DAY OFTEN BEGINS WITH A PHOTO SESSION OR T.V. APPEARANCE.

LULU, EVER-MORE-TRUSTY PHOTO ASSISTANT, PREPARES HER.

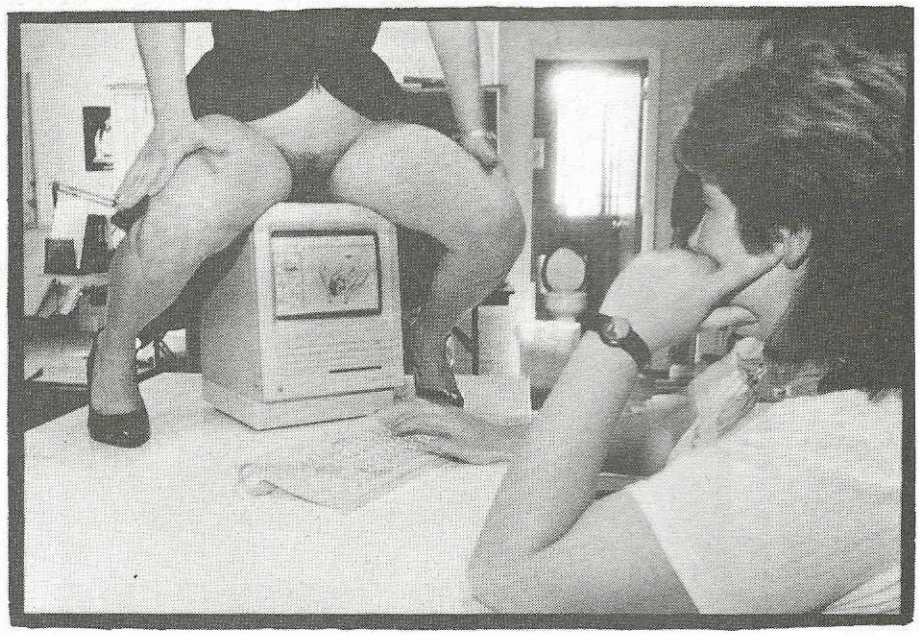


MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE OFFICE...

WHY IS LAURA, OUR ART DIRECTOR, SITTING IN THE TRASH CAN?

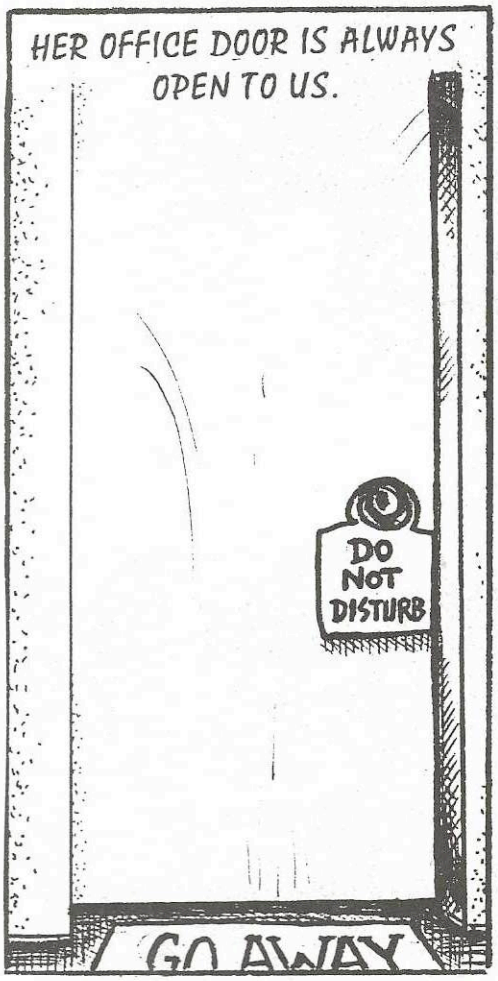
"IF THEY DON'T STOP CANNING MY DESIGNS I'M GOING TO TAKE MY CRAYONS AND GO HOME."

THIS IS ROBIN, OUR DESK-TOP PUBLISHING SPECIALIST, AND HER LESS-TRUSTY MAC. HOW IS A COMPUTER SUPPOSED TO CONCENTRATE?

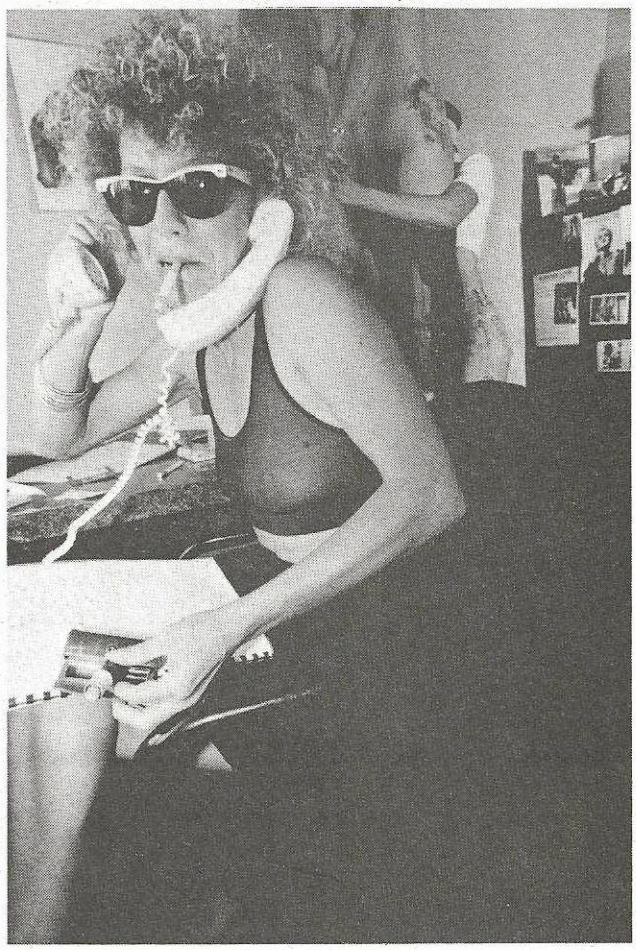


AND HERE'S GRETA, OUR DISTRIBUTION DEPARTMENT, HANDLING AN IRATE CUSTOMER.

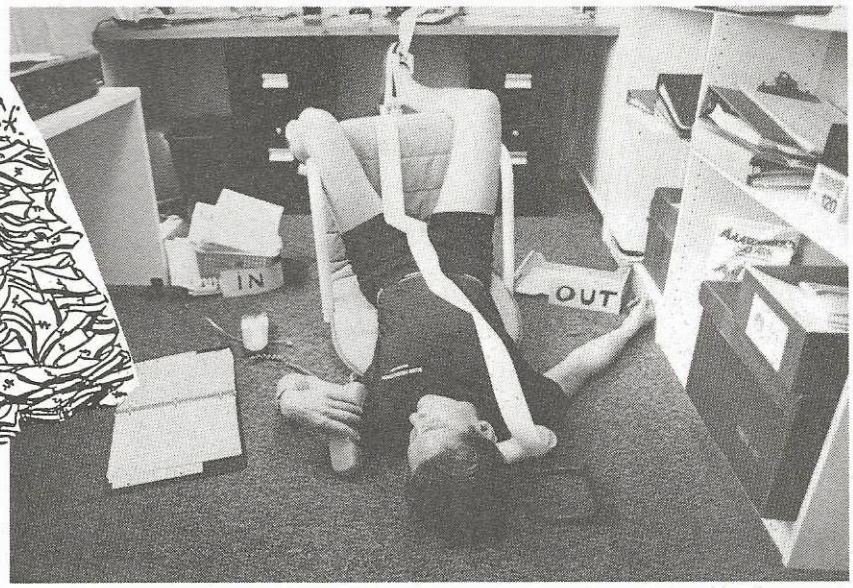
DEBI, ON OUR BACKS' MAGNIFICENT PUBLISHER, IS READY AND WAITING TO HEAR OUR PROBLEMS.



DEBI RUNS A TIGHT SHIP.



AND NAN, OUR EQUALLY MAGNIFICENT CO-PUBLISHER, DREAMS OF A FAIRY GODMOTHER WITH (LOTS) OF DOLLAR BILLS AND AN INVESTMENT PACKAGE.



SOMETIME IN THE AFTERNOON

THE NERVE CENTER AND HOTBED OF CREATIVITY...THE EDITORIAL MEETING.

11:00 PM
AFTER A LONG DAY'S WORK, SUSIE FALLS INTO BED EXHAUSTED AND ALONE (BELIEVE THAT IF YOU CAN) AND CURLS UP WITH THE LATEST EROTIC FICTION AND HER MAGIC WAND.

.....

STORYLINE AND CONCEPT: JILL & LULU
DESIGN: JILL, LULU, LAURA
PHOTOGRAPHERS: HONEY LEE COTTRELL, PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER, JILL POSENER
ILLUSTRATIONS: JACKI RANDALL

Erotic-Go-Round

SINCE MY FIRST LESBIAN FICTION CLIT-QUAKE, I've had the pleasure of reviewing and publishing some of the best lesbian literature I've ever read by women whose names have become familiar over the past five years as first-rate contemporary writers.

I asked a few of my favorite writers to play a little game with me for our 5th anniversary issue. I would send out one sentence to the first writer, who would write a page and leave her last sentence hanging.

Then I forwarded her last sentence to the next writer on the list and they would continue with their own erotic episode. No one would see the whole story or the list of writers involved until it was completed.

Note that each piece of the story is credited to its author along with the title of their most popular work from On Our Backs and the issue that it appeared in. The author's credit appears at the end of their contribution.

SUSIE BRIGHT, EDITOR

You've made it safe to wear lipstick...Well, as safe as anyone would want it to be. — **Liz McKenna, Senior Editor, *Forum***

If she hadn't bent over so far, she would have missed the most powerful moment of the evening. Still smarting from the whipping that Brenda had administered to her backside, she was able to see, through the spread in her legs, an amazing assemblage of women, all naked and sweating under the lights. Their bodies gave off an odor of intense desire. Muscular legs moved toward her, encircling her. Women's hands lifted her off the floor. Some rubbed oils over her entire body, in every place where the whip had been, into every opening. The oil, heated by her own body, began to sting and fill her with a sensation to which she could give no name. Resisting the urge to tremble, she defiantly looked up at the circle of women. Not one had a naked face. Each was covered in a mask so complete, a mask of animal skin or bird feathers or some wild untamed thing, that she could not have remembered that under the masks were women; their brown and blonde and black cunts were not facing her at eye level. The leopard woman, whose green eyes took her over and over again, scraped one of her long nails across her breast. A hawk-masked woman moved close to her, grabbed her hair tightly, and forced her to her knees. As the women moved closer, she could smell their heavy scent, a scent of Southern desire, desire which has been attic-bound too long, and must have release, regardless of the consequences. It was the woman with the mask of a snake that would bring her into her own particular edge of pleasure and panic. The Snake-Woman's eyes were hooded and dark. Her hands moved roughly over her body, arousing her and withdrawing. Brushing her masked face against the surrendered body of this woman, now crazed with fear and desire, the Snake-Woman suddenly realized that she had felt these feelings before, long long ago. When she first knew of her desire for women, she had felt this same terror, this same desire. But not so intensely since that first time with a woman, 15 years before. Snake–Woman was torn between the heat of the moment and the fire of her memories. At the same time as her physical self moved towards the object of her lust, her mind drifted back to the first time her flesh pressed against the flesh of another woman.

Martha Courtot
The Telephone
(Spring 1985)

It had been hot then, just as today. The burning sun had warmed Snake–woman's skin just as it had today. She felt that same combination of languor and intense energy then as she did now, and she knew its source. Then, just as today, there was a throbbing between her legs, a tropical storm around her clitoris with floods of liquid heat pouring from her cunt. Then, as now, her desire was stronger than her fear, and she moved forward.

Snake–woman's body pressed into Teshneh's waiting arms, and the rush of the physical sensation brought her back to the present moment.

Now her mind jumped from her first love to the woman in front of her. Snake–woman was overwhelmed with the woman's heat, her softness, her taste, her strength. Their embrace became even closer, harder, their lips pressed together fiercely. Suddenly Teshneh thrust her tongue hard into Snake-Woman's mouth, and probed deeply, hard and soft, hard and soft. Snake–woman felt light–headed, dizzy; she wondered if she might faint. As if she knew, Teshneh pushed hard, and Snake–woman was falling, falling backwards. Still locked in Teshmeh's embrace, lips still locked to Teshneh's warm mouth, Snake–woman landed on the softest of beds. She was pinned down, hard, under Teshneh's large soft body.

Snake–woman freed one arm, then the other, and reached around Teshneh, stroking Teshneh's back, her head, her ass. Teshneh used her knee to part Snake–woman's legs and shove her big thigh into Snake–woman's cunt. Snake–woman marvelled, "Her thigh is so soft...so soft." Snake-Woman reached to grab Teshneh's breast, and Teshneh responded by slapping Snake-Woman's cheek once, lightly but hard. Then Snake-Woman saw Teshneh grab six purple silk scarves.

Judith Stein
What Happens One Time
(Summer 1984)

She knew their significance and knew also she would be helpless now. Not before Teshneh's considerable physical and mental powers; and certainly not helpless before the strength of the lushly colored yet delicate raiments she now felt brushing her dark nipples. Snake-Woman was helpless against her own desire, and although Teshneh worked quickly, Snake-Woman growled with impatience. Left wrist first, tight against the mahogany, then right ankle, leaving her in an awkwardly vulnerable half-submission. She stretched her limbs giving Teshneh room to make the bindings even tighter. She sucked in her round stomach as one lurid sash was tied tightly around her waist.

"Eyes?"

Snake-Woman pondered the question for less than a second—to see the acts which fulfilled her desire or perceive in darkness allowing them to surprise, mystify, embellish themselves with their invisibility?

"Yes."

The room became lavender then black and again Snake-Woman's throat rippled

(continued on next page)

. . .she was able to see,
through the spread in her legs,
an amazing assemblage of women. . .

with a low sound. Later she would try to savor each move, languish in desire; first she simply needed—wildly. Needed in her head, in her cunt.

"Now!" she commanded.

She felt Teshneh's weight as she dropped down and nuzzled between her heavy thighs. Teshneh's hands were broad and strong. She pulled apart the cunt lips as if they were tissue paper and sucked roughly at the red hard knot. Her tongue and teeth pushed and probed, bit and tormented. Snake-Woman began a soft, rhythmic moaning that pushed her further into desire. Her hips vibrated as Teshneh grabbed the scarf which bound her waist and held on as if riding a horse. Snake-Woman screamed as she felt a purple orgasm sweep from Teshneh's mouth through her cunt all the while aware of the others watching, but she did not care as her hips rose and rose again to take all the pleasure from Teshneh's lips. She wrapped her hands around Teshneh's head, pushed her deeper and deeper into her wetness. The others pressed closer, aware of the wonder they were seeing, the outpouring of Snake-Woman's lust on Teshneh's lips. They breathed in and let out gasps as if it were their collective body that was finding its release. Teshneh, aware of Snake-Woman's ways, lifted herself up and covered her lover's body with her own. "I know what you still want," she whispered to the turned head. First one finger and then more entered Teshneh's cunt, to milk the last pleasures from the coming. Snake-Woman moaned, her nails biting into Teshneh's back, as she pulled every muscle towards those fingers. They played against her walls, the contractions throwing them both up, higher and higher, until with one mighty squeeze, Snake-Woman fell back onto the pillows. Teshneh rolled to one side, sweat covering her body. Another approached Teshneh and gently spread her legs, and then as if she were offering a benediction, she slowly licked the resting woman into her pleasure.

Jewelle Gomez
A Piece of Time
(Summer 1984)

Her clit was growing like a sponge. . .

The quietness that had fallen over the group was suddenly broken by the booming voice of Beeba. "There is still much for them to do. Turn over, Snake-Woman, and I will make your ass sing."

Joan Nestle
The Three
(Spring 1986)

The paddle came down like a cat off the roof. Snake-Woman's eyes filled with tears and she strained her hard clit against the mattress, yearning for distraction. Her face was muffled in a pillow, but in her mind she could see her ass cheeks plumply turning pink to red to white hot.Her clit was growing like a sponge. With her fingers, she could press it to orgasm in a moment. But her fingers could only press against the steel of the bedframe she was bound to. It was unbearable.

She would bite down and count, count, count—numbers are infinite, but the spanking had to stop sometime. It had to. She would count to a million if she had to, but she wasn't going to let out one little groan, one peep of sensation. She wouldn't give her the satisfaction.

But breathing was another matter. She had to get some air.

She raised her head to inhale, but the words poured out instead. She couldn't hold them back any more than she could stop the sweat spreading across her breasts or trickling down the crack of her stinging bottom.

"Fuck me, please, I can't take it if you don't fuck me! I can't!"

Her arms pulled helplessly from the posts of the bed. Goddamn it, if she didn't feel something big and strong inside her she would tear these cuffs apart. The pain rushing in between her legs was pumping her up, like Hercules, she would destroy everything if she wasn't be satisfied.

Her tormenter grabbed her long hair at the neck and bent over to whisper in her ear.

"Once I start fucking you I won't be able to stop. It won't matter if you cum once, twice, or not at all; it won't matter if the cream runs down your legs or the friction is too much to bear. Your pussy is just to pretty and my fist too hungry to stop for anything."

Snake-Woman nuzzled her ear against the hot mouth. She could barely spit out her answer:

"I...don't...care!"

Her lover heard her. She reached down to replace the dangling clitoris and then all was in order. After decades of work locked up in her laboratory, Dr. Muriel K. Starr had finally achieved what no one before ever attempted or desired — her own personal monster. Dr. Starr had created the perfect lesbian with sexual powers and imagination far beyond those of mere mortals. And now her creation was ready to be unleashed upon an unsuspecting world.

Barbara LaRue
What Is It about Straight Women?
(Fall 85)

The doctor took one last look at her sleeping, darling monster. By tomorrow morning the anesthesia would wear off and then, just as the sun was rising, her creation would begin a new era of human history. Locking up the laboratory, the doctor stepped out into the early morning air. It was 1:00 a.m. There was enough of the night left to rush home for a short nap and then be back in time for the awakening.

Walking the streets that late at night meant entering a particular state. There were objects everywhere. There was no free space. Her apartment looked poor. Her couch felt old–fashioned. The refrigerator was filled with mayonnaise, cocktail sauce, Canada Dry, Hershey's chocolate milk, and boxed corn muffins. There was no electricity in the bathroom, bedroom or kitchen.

"I've let my life go to pot," she thought. "All for my monster. But now I'll get my reward."

Then she lay down, crossed her hands on her chest and looked at the wall. All night the doctor lay there listening to the muffled snap of mousetraps echoing in the alley.

The anesthesia, however, had a mind of its own.

Sarah Schulman
A Short Story About a Penis
(Winter 1986)

The anesthesia knocked me out, all right, but not with that lulling, euphoric calm I'd been led to expect. No way. It sent me reeling, pitching pell–mell into an agonizing void—like I'd been broadsided by a Mack truck and flipped onto a bed of nails. Reminded me of the time I'd followed the comely Lulu into a beckoning alley and run smack into Lulu's steady,

(continued on page 42)

PIONEERING *Erotic* PHOTOGRAPHERS

Photographs are the trouble-making part of On Our Backs. They are controversial; they generate extreme reactions. Why do photographs have that power when words do not? What do they reveal about the photographer and models, our readers, or about lesbianism on a larger scale? Why do people get so upset and others turned on?

Photos make us confront ourselves and our sexuality more immediately than text does. The history of the female nude in photography is a history of male photography. So where can we see 'real' depictions of lesbianism?

Up till now lesbianism has been one big secret. Erotic photography is a key to understanding what we actually do, and what our fantasies are about. Lesbian photographers for On Our Backs, including the fourteen represented here, have been attempting to answer all of these questions.

What makes the lesbian approach different? Our blatant and explicit celebration of lesbian sexuality for its own sake. It's not concealed, it's not always subtle, it's sometimes crude and brassy, at times elegant and stylish.

How can we respond to the growing curiosity about lesbian sexuality? We want to break all the taboos around the depiction of lesbians. We have been invisible as sexual beings. These are our lives, our bodies, and our fantasies.

It's been five years since On Our Backs started to change the way we as lesbians look at our sexuality. On Our Backs provided a forum for artists already producing provocative work; in many cases the first opportunity to be seen. On Our Backs also discovered and encouraged new artists, watching them develop along with us.

Five years later, the imagery has evolved. Photographers and models have created and altered the lesbian aesthetic. On Our Backs has reflected the diversity of lesbian lifestyle and sex–style accordingly, and is still the major outlet for lesbian photography.

At a time when all expressions of overt sexuality are threatened by right wing and religious dogma — and, regrettably, even feminist censorship — On Our Backs and other erotic magazines stand out as truth tellers. Believe us, no one else is going to tell the truth about lesbian sexuality.

We stand by our decision, never taken lightly, to present lesbian sex in all its forms. We are a hugely varied and diverse community, and sometimes only our decision to be sexual with other women unites us. Sometimes that diversity can be hard to accept. We will always support women in their search and experimentation. That's why you have read On Our Backs and why we are as irreverent and provocative as we are.

We see the imagery these photographers produce, but we rarely hear the thoughts, philosophy or aesthetics that inform their work. Here is a selection of 14 of the best. ■

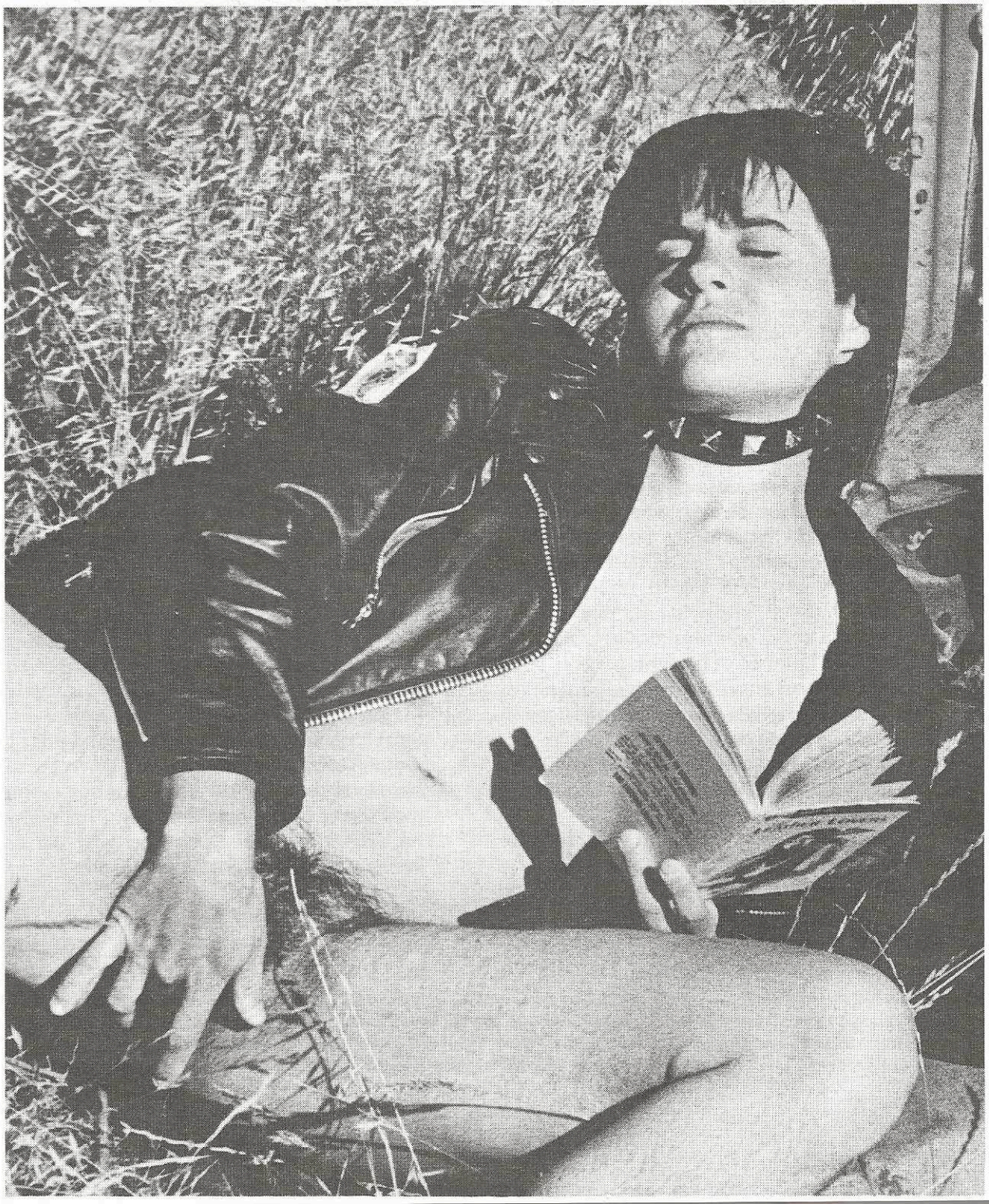
brill evans

■ When we planned our first photo shoot—to take place late at night in the basement boiler-room of an apartment house in Providence, Rhode Island—we thought that the experience would be carefree, sexy, and steamy in its own right.

Four of us were participating: all short dark-haired women, a common theme in our work. We really hadn't talked through what we wanted to do, besides a vague idea of doing dirty things in dirty places. When we got down to the basement, we found it difficult to agree or cooperate. Not everyone knew how to use the equipment, dust got on the camera lens, we didn't bring enough snacks...

After we finished, we felt that the experience had been nothing but hard work. We left exhausted and frustrated, uncertain of the photographic results, and ready to leave behind our romantic ideas about taking dirty pictures.

Nowadays, we try to recreate scenarios from the subconscious that are unfamiliar yet recognizable. We are not trying to depict what might be described as "free" sexuality; rather we use the images and objects that invade open spaces and that we interact with on a daily basis: industrial waste, rusty things, litter, trash, and plastic.



j.a. cherry

■ I push my models to the limit, and get away with everything I can. I've promised a bunch of things: "No, I'll never publish it," "No, I won't get your face in it." Once I've made the promises the models are liberated; they have the freedom to do the things they've only fantasized about. We do amazing things. I keep my promises—for the most part. As a result, my private files are far more spectacular than any of my published work.

tee corinne

I began photographing women making love and women's genitals early in 1975, because I needed to see those images, to have them as validation, and inspiration. There were no magazines or books in which to publish these erotic images. I began solarizing the photographs in order to protect the subjects and to comfort the viewer. Solarized images do not have the same immediacy, the same fleshiness as the "real thing".

Solarized images were used in Yantras of WomanLove, A Woman's Touch, Saphhic Touch, The Amazon Tarot . It is only with the arrival of On Our Backs and her sister publications that I've found a place for many images that I have treasured, but never shown.

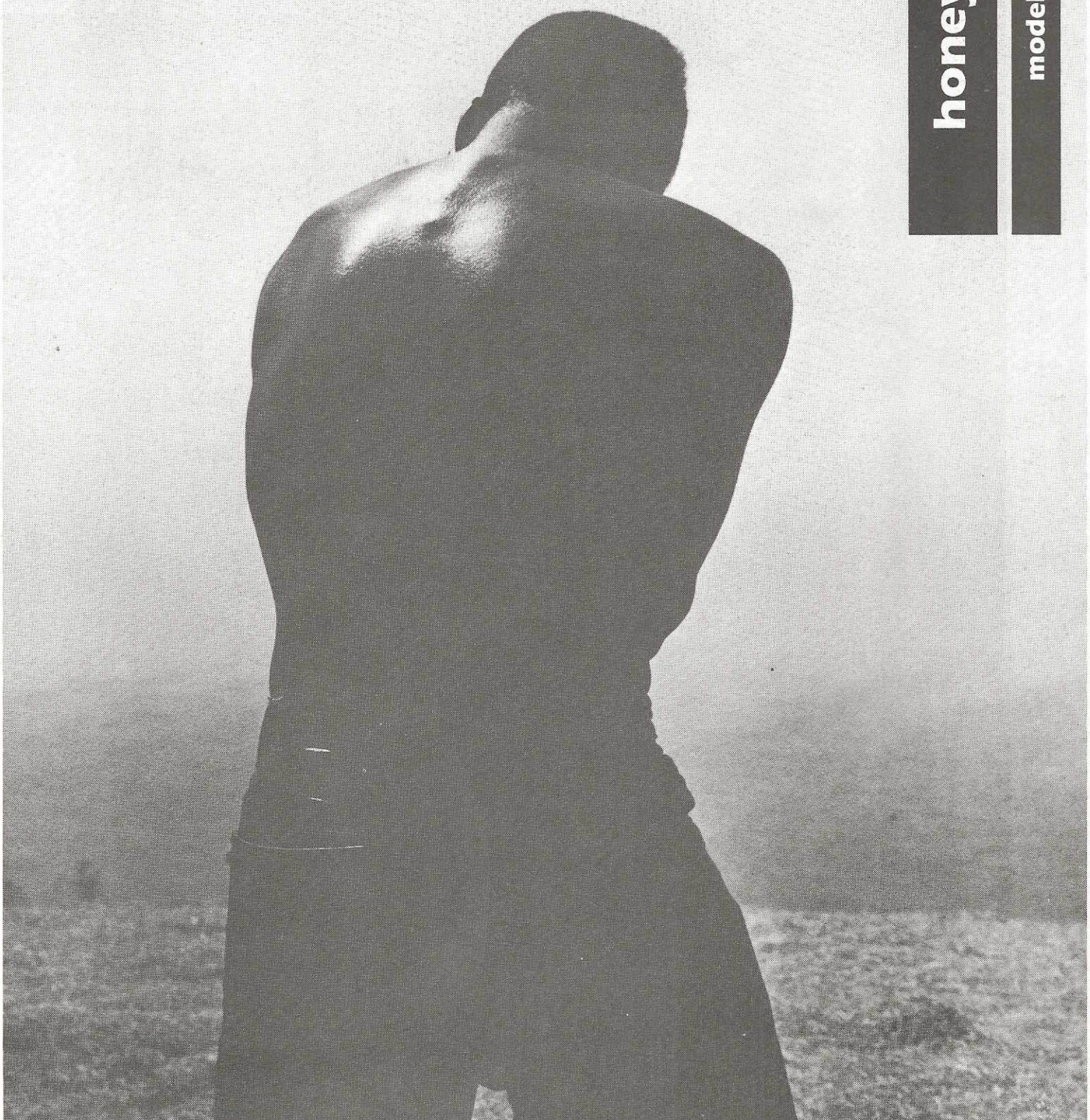
The history of censorship surrounding my images is strong: from women printers, men printers, gallery directors of both genders and several persuasions, editors and publishers. But the acceptance and support of my work is also strong: The Cunt Coloring Book is now available in a revised fifth edition, my labia images have been featured in I am my Lover and Galerie magazine as well as in On Our Backs, Yoni, and Eidos, Yellow Silk, Erotic by Nature, and Our Bodies/Ourselves .

■ The sex work I have done over the past 15 years and the work I have yet to do is my life work. The photographs are a connection between my sense of self as a gay, butch, woman and my professional identity as a photographer. I am not always perfectly enchanted. Why am I so committed to something that at times seems like a futile educational campaign steeped in anxiety and frustration? What keeps me coming back is this: nothing inspires my curiosity and fascination like searching for the unknown and unknowable. I stay in the sex business because I am drawn to explore unexamined, forbidden and dangerous territory. Both within myself and in those around me. In my darkest moments I have to remind myself this is what I asked for/and I am getting it/ and it never looks like what I thought it would be.

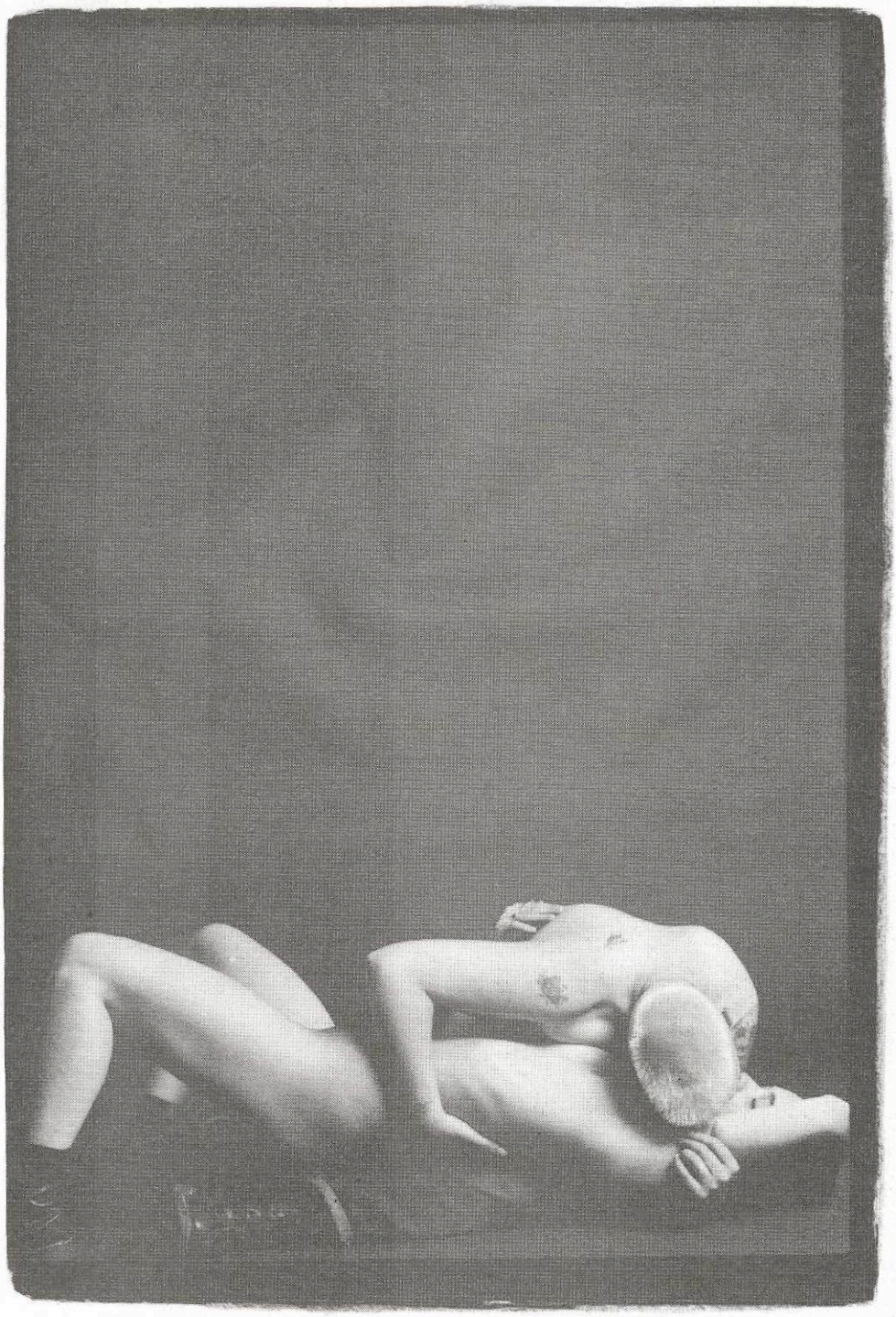
The photographs are a product of this ongoing delicate relationship between my body, identity and the commercial success of On Our Backs. They provide an opportunity for you, the audience, to discover something about your own sexual fascination, fear and identity.

honey lee cottrell

model: rachael williams



jessica fisher



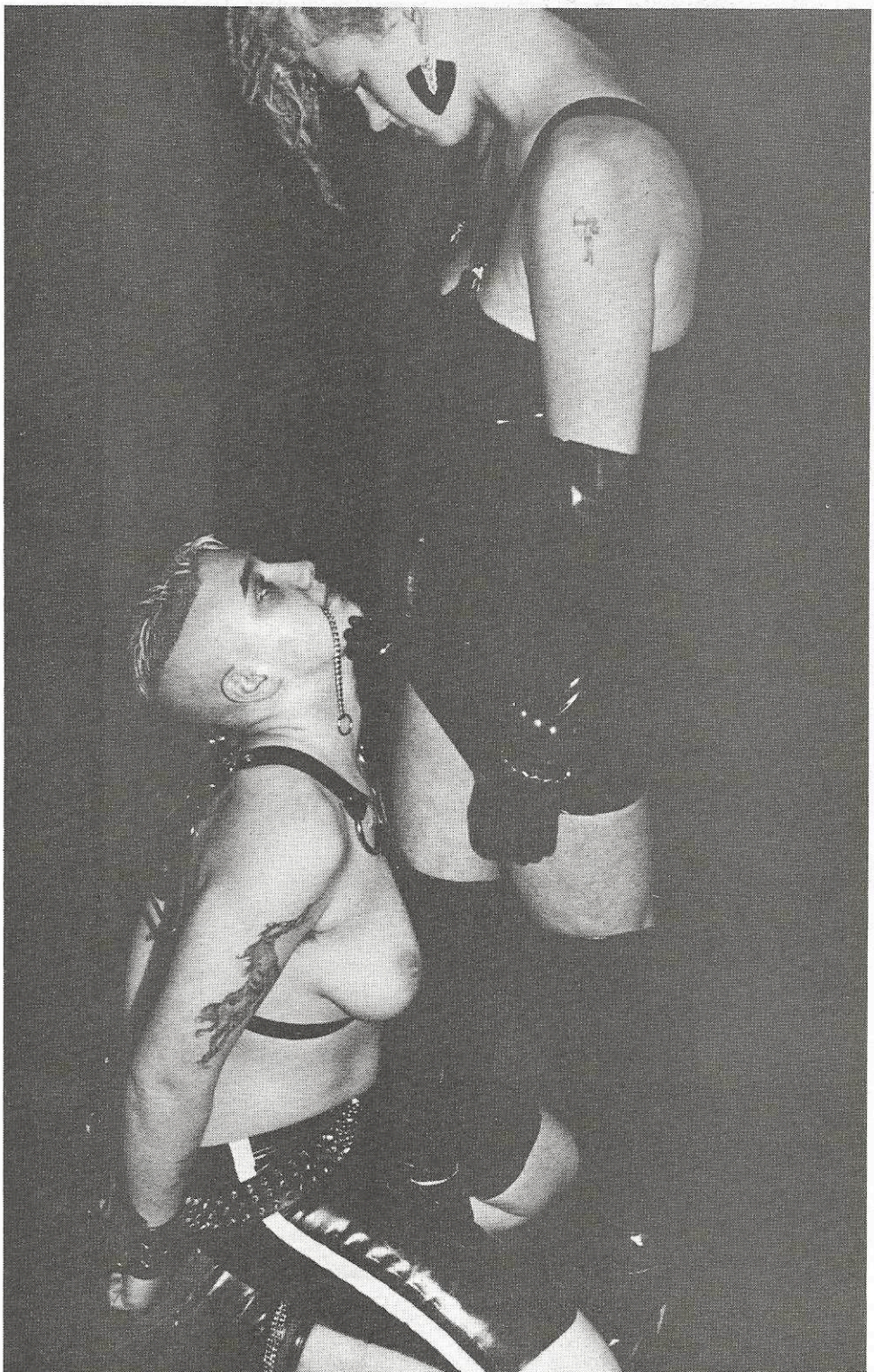
■ I just take pictures of lesbians and they turn out erotic. I haven't yet figured out how it happens. It must have been fate that led me to a San Francisco subway during rush hour. That's where I first met Lulu. Before I knew it, she had me in a studio with two beautiful women and a camera. The first time I took erotic photos I was stressed out. There were two woman making love right in front of me and I kept running out of film.

Now, every time after taking photos, I have sex and try to imagine it in photographs. I get dramatic—doing different things, dressing up, focusing on details like someone sucking my nipple. I wish I had a micro-lens. I was damn proud when I saw my first picture published in On Our Backs. I feel that I aestheticize homosexuality—I make it look pleasing. Acceptable. Beautiful.

■ When I first came out as a lesbian I was a phototographer and I started taking sexual portraits of myself and of my lover. It all started at Scott's bar in San Francisco where I'd go after art school for a dose of reality. It became natural for me to bring my camera and take pictures of my friends hanging out in the local dive.

Taking photos is an event in itself. Then it's up to me to take them into the darkroom and manipulate them into images that can't be easily dismissed. I try to seduce the viewer—especially anti-S/M vanilla viewers—to make them look longer than they may want. When I first saw my photos in On Our Backs it made me feel in a way like I was having an intimate sexual scene with all the women who read On Our Backs.

I consider myself more of a socio-documentary photographer than an erotic photographer. I'm not photographing lesbian erotica for lesbians' pleasure. I want men and women to question their ideas about gender, sexuality—I want to challenge people. I get pissed off at lesbians who try to prescribe my sexuality and tell me I'm male-identified. I like women who are boyish-looking. Gender distortion—that's exciting to me.



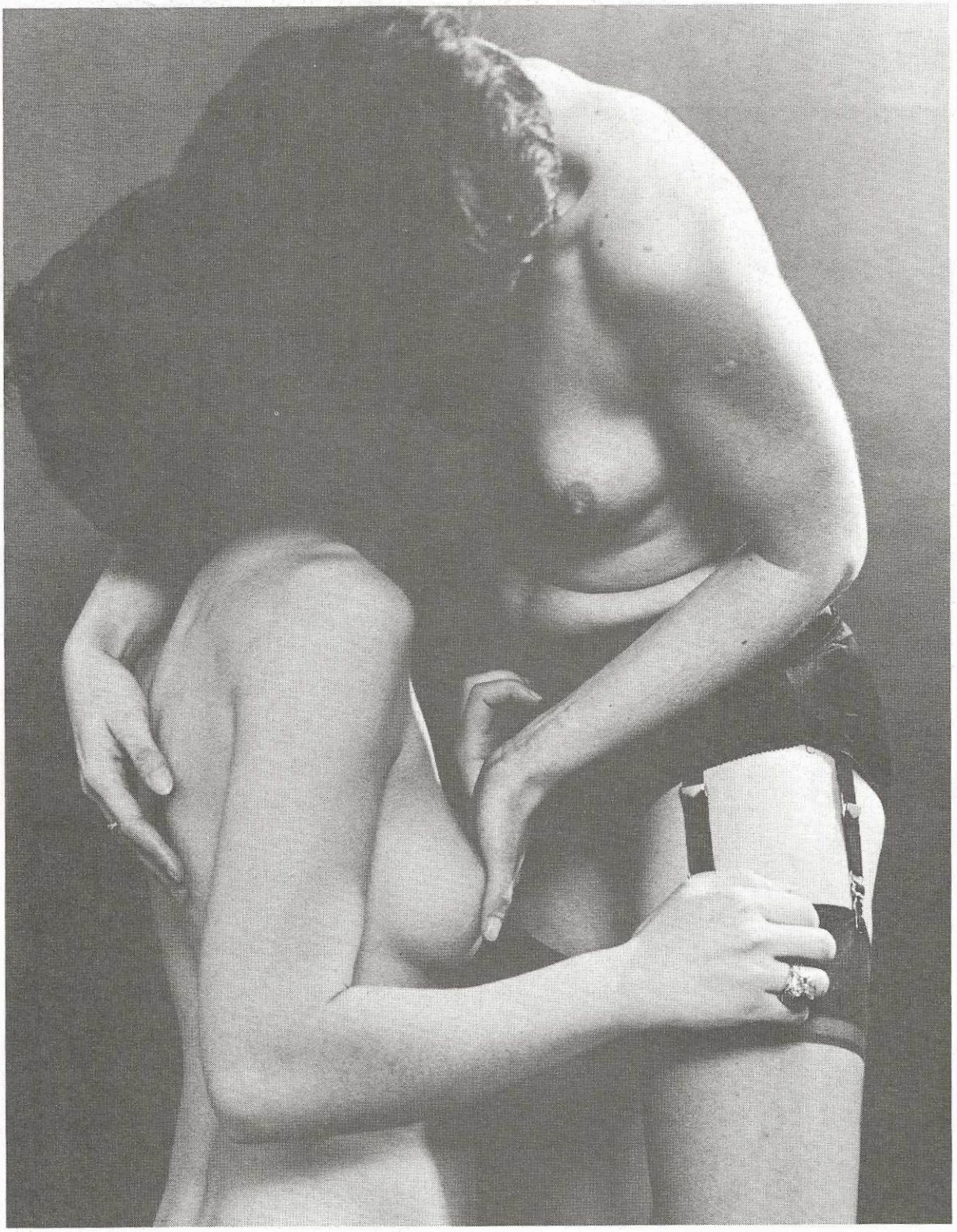
della disgrace

morgan gwenwald

■ My work is informed by classic photography, and I'm pretty traditional in technique: straighforward, with not a lot of technical manipulation. I also bend over backwards when I work with models. I give them an enormous amount of control. They in turn give me more openness.

A lot of imagery I use is butch/femme identified and enables me to use the costumes, textures and sexually-loaded objects butch/femme women experiment with.

I love using available light. Robert Mapplethorpe's work excites me. His lighting and control are amazing. His photos show clarity and bravery. He had this incredible patronage from the art world. Lesbians just don't have that kind of support.



dawn lewis

■ Lesbian erotica is my natural passion. It's the nutrient to satisfy a healthy sexual appetite.

My first erotic photo was taken in high school. I remember executing a lot of first ideas on canvas, paintings that provoked my teachers and other students.

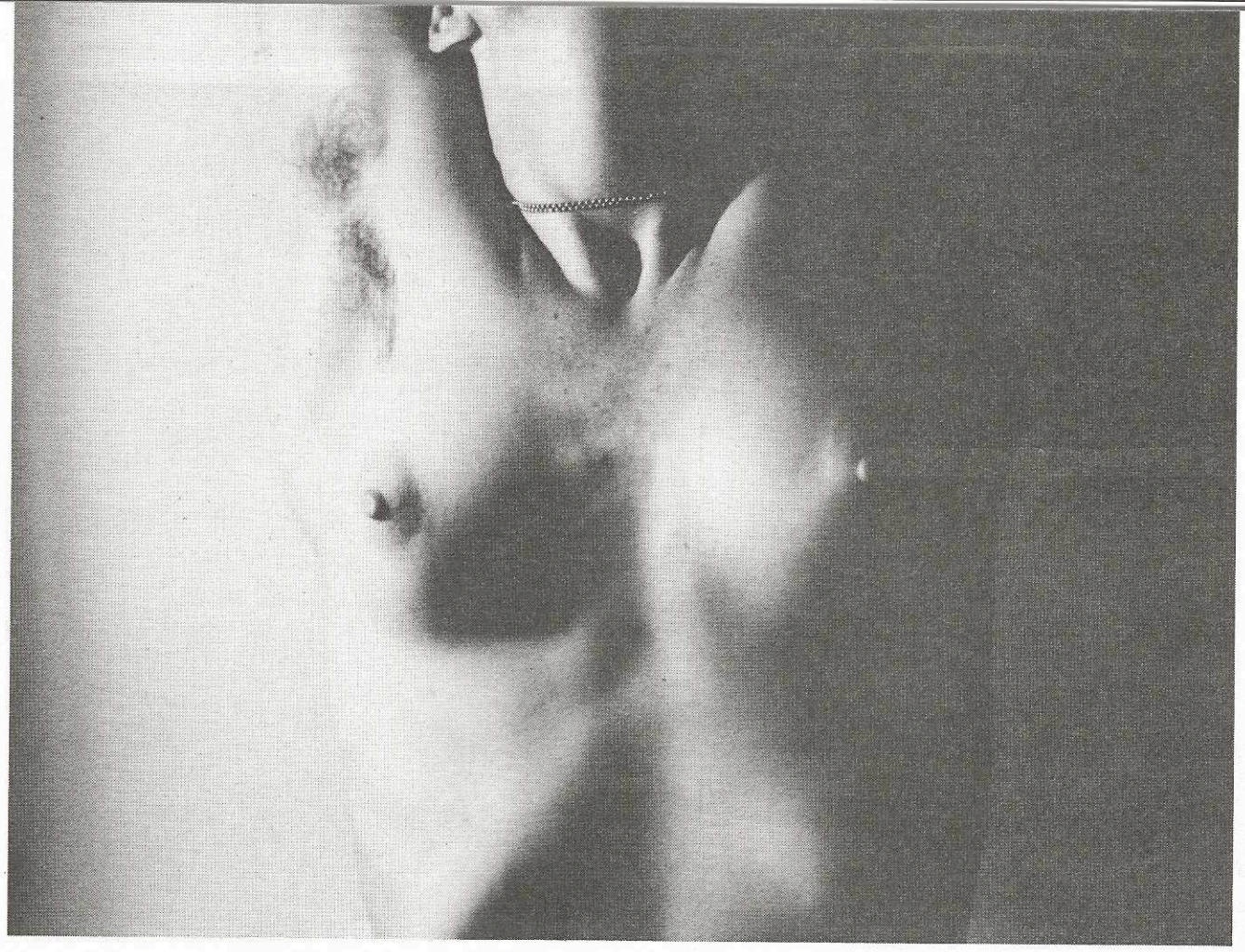
What's important to my work is being open and receptive to what's happening in more underground expression. When I take a photo it's done on impulse. Being in the right place at the right time—it just happens. It's not contrived or manipulated. It's a documentation of a visual moment, thus providing actual testimony of lesbian erotica.

tracy mostovoy

■ Photographing lesbian erotica is just part of my photographing women. Because erotica and sexuality are a big part of women. I like to get my models to take their clothes off. I tell them it would be a better picture.

The first time I took an erotic photo, I had tied up my lover and then started taking pictures of her. Let's just say it was a psychological experience.

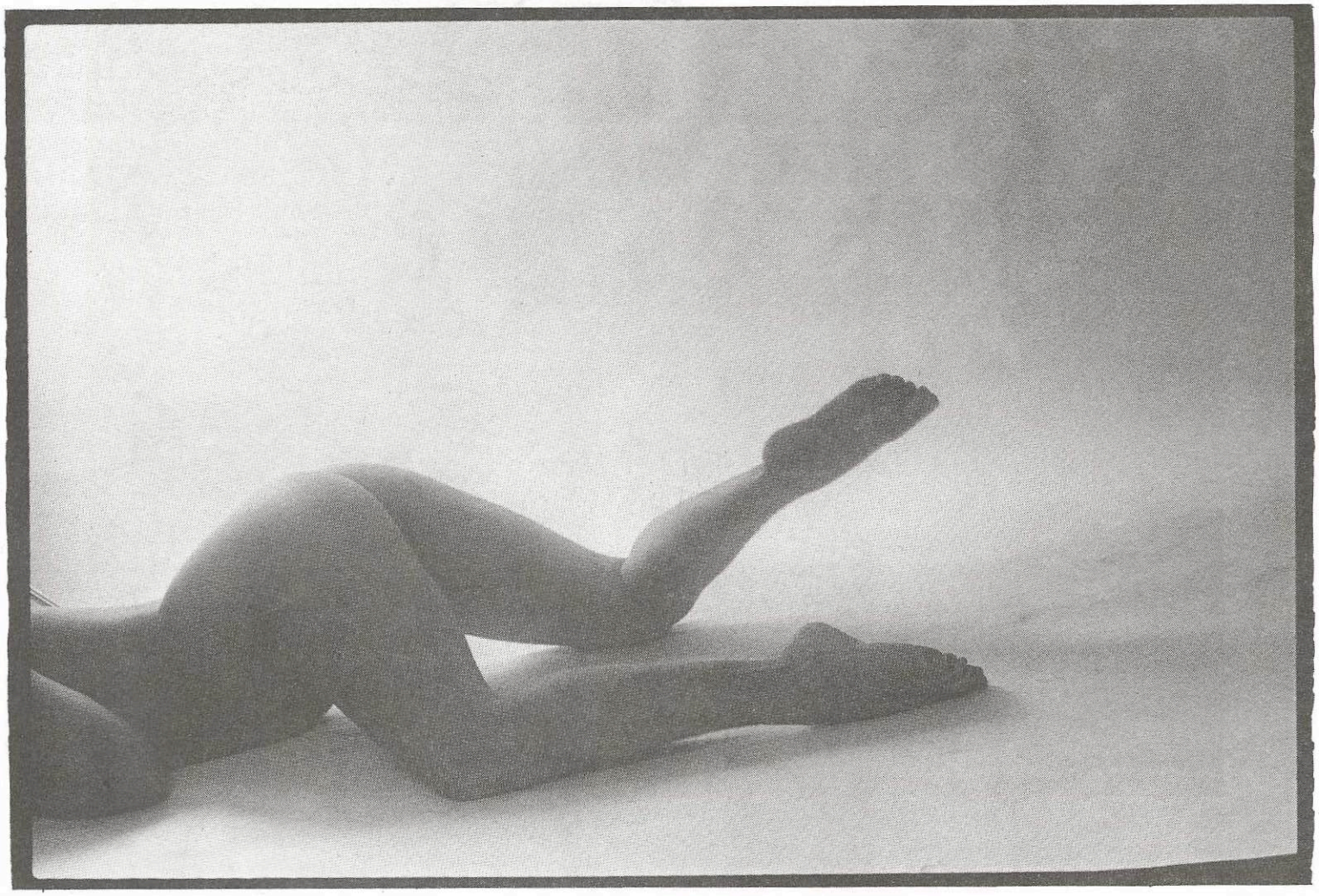
When I first published in On Our Backs, women wouldn't make the connection with my name. Then, later, when I mentioned the photos, they would say "I remember."



barbie painter

■ Sex is ultimately what distinguishes gays from straights. My first erotic photos were self portraits. I showed them to my lover and we immediately shot more together. In this way photography is like foreplay. My lover at the time was the editor of New York's WomanNews and it was very exciting to see my photos in print. The first one was wax being dropped onto a breast. The response to it was wild: so many women were horrified by images of female sexuality. People actually tried to engage me in discussions of appropriate sexual behavior, like there should be guidelines. Ha!

The only photo I passed up was a medical scene. My roommate was going to have her breasts sewn together and wanted pix. Having watched my parent die of breast cancer for six years as a teenager, I declined. But that's my limit, and worshipping breasts has taken me far.



jill posener

■ My work has always been about radical women—whether it's feminist graffiti on billboards, or women's theatre groups in Britain—my erotic work is no exception.

Any taboos I might have had have been pushed at and nagged at by women assured and confident of their own sexual identity and practice. To a photographer, taboos are like a red rag to a bull.

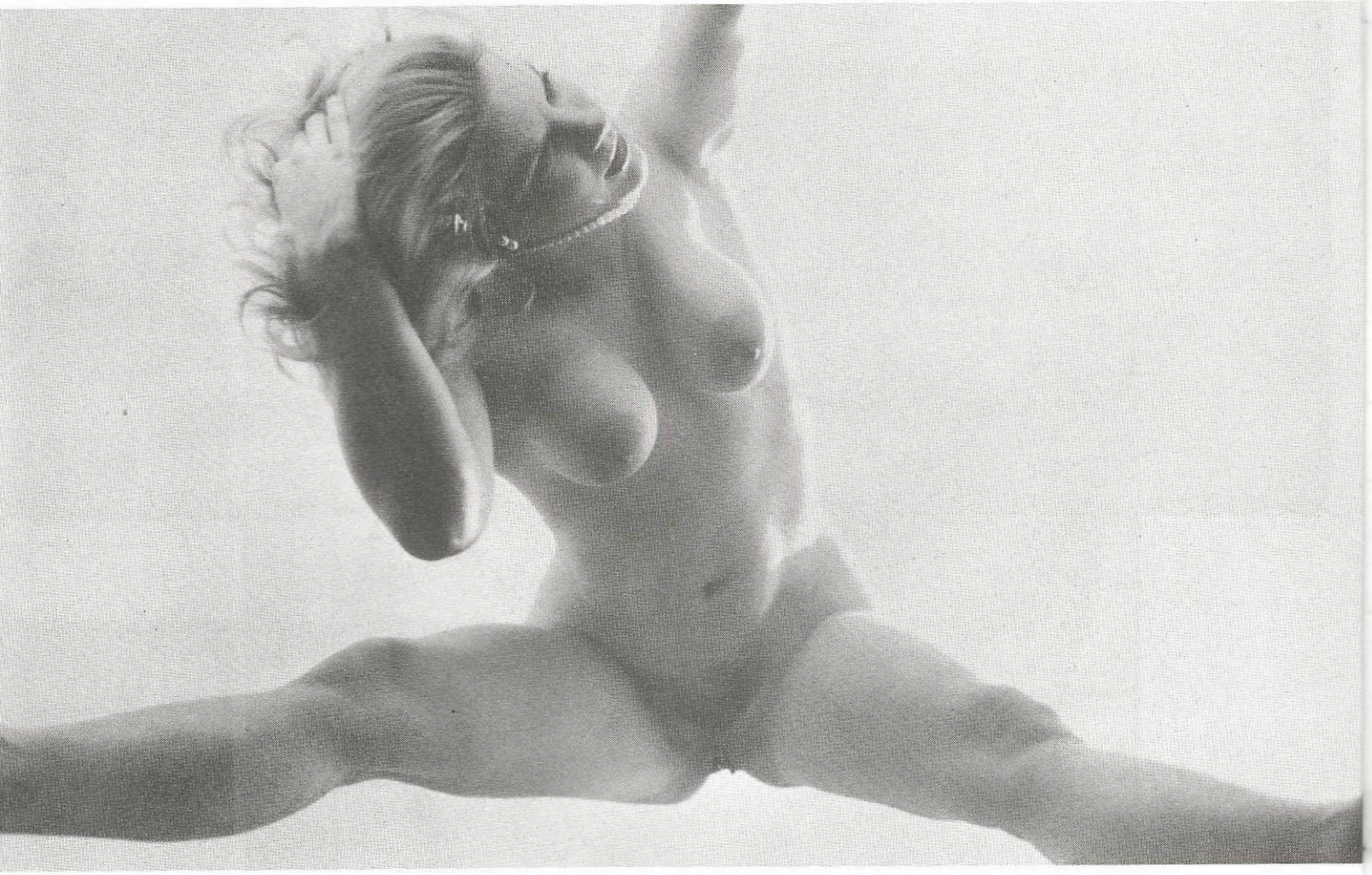
My work has been inspired by: photographically, Diane Arbus; emotionally, my lovers, and intellectually, Honey Lee Cottrell and Susie Bright.

cathy lee prochazka

■ I started shooting my own erotica because I was tired of seeing work that portrayed lesbian-erotic from a male viewpoint. I wanted to break free of standard ideas and conventions.

In my first erotic photo, I worked with two acquaintances. It wasn't erotic for me, but there was an exciting flow that came from being creative together. It was frightening. That much intimacy always is—but also, I was so inexperienced. Seeing my photos in On Our Backs for the first time I thought, "Wow! Did I really do these? Should I show my mom?"

annie sprinkle

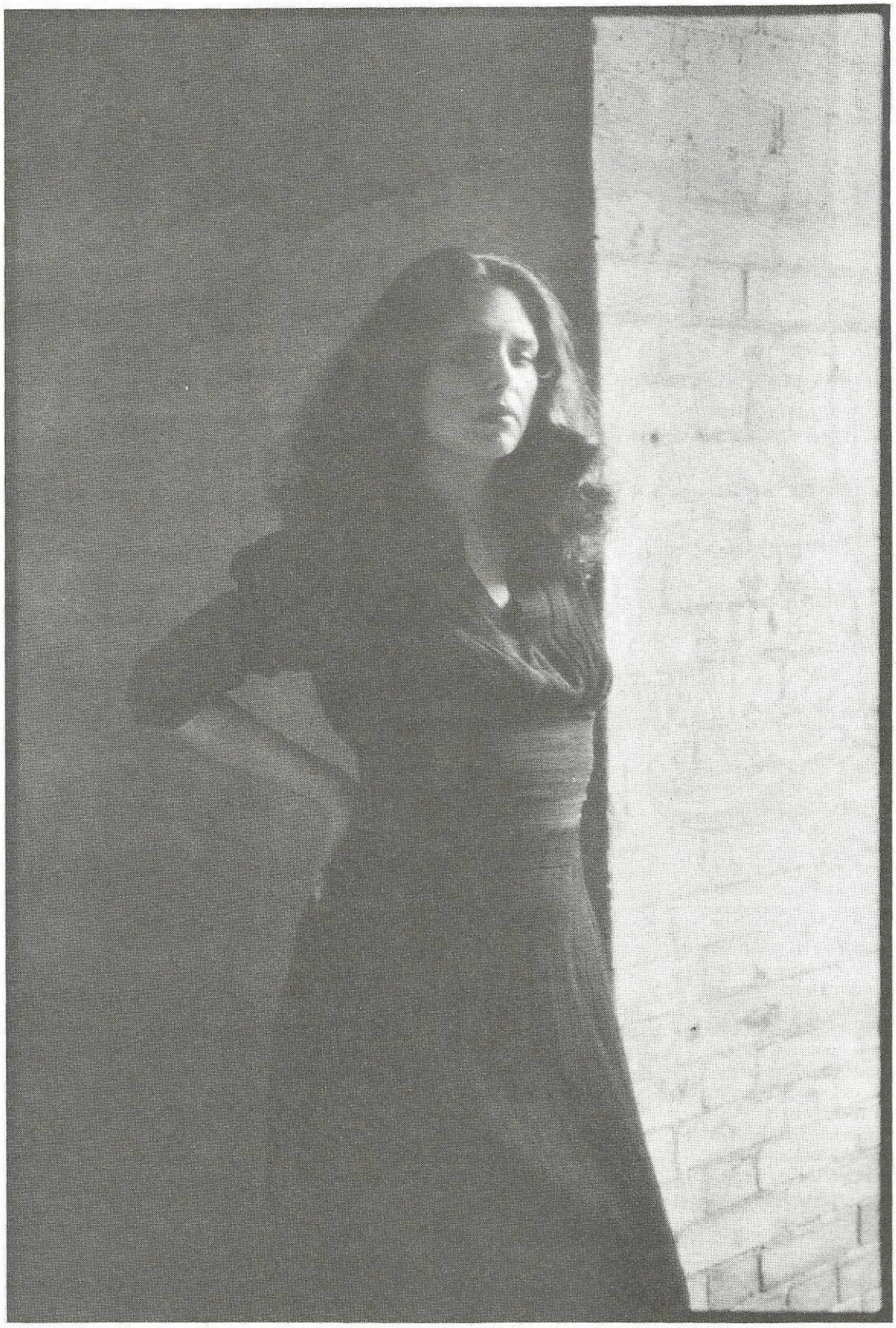


■ I love women. I adore their nude bodies, and I'm thrilled to see women being sexual. I don't really give a shit about photography, but it is a great excuse to have some fun, play, get naked, put on sexy little outfits, be voyeuristic/exhibitionistic, and creative, to do things one wouldn't normally do, to break taboos, to get turned on, to have sex, to have orgasms...You'll never catch me taking pictures of clouds, architecture or street people. I only pick up my cameras if there's nudity involved.

Everyone who has ever posed for me has had a wonderful time, and some have had very transformative experiences. They love the pictures I make of them, but the pictures are a mere souvenir—a mere document—of the experience. I believe it is the experience of modeling that is important, not the photos.

Sex heals!

linda stalter



■ I'm from a steel mill town in Pennsylvania, a rough streetwise but quiet anti-homosexual town. Obviously I knew I wasn't meant to be there. I produced a lesbian card-line between 1983 and 1985, seventeen images of beautiful lesbians. That was the highlight of my life, it's probably the finest work I've ever done. And when some of them appeared in On Our Backs I was thrilled at the response, I didn't realize how much people would love them. I photograph a soft erotica. I never photograph nudes. A woman is at her most seductive and most mysterious when she's still unknown to you. She's the woman you don't know, but would like to know real well.

GIRLS' SELECTED LIBRARY

In 1984 On Our Backs premiered in a desert of lesbian sexual literature. Over the past 5 years we've seen the lesbian book publishing arena explode with new authors and ideas, and sexual knowledge is at the top of the lesbian best-seller lists.

Most booksellers don't have a section on lesbian love and lust, but the following selection is offered as a valuable guide for the best and most spirited collection of the lesbian erotic consciousness.

Erotica

Herotica: A collection of Women's Erotic Fiction

Susie Bright, ed., Down There Press.

Stories which reveal the multiple dimensions of the female sexual character. Goes beyond the identities of gay-straight-bi, presenting women writing sex with a woman's voice, eye, touch.

Macho Sluts

Pat Califia, Alyson Publications.

Steamy hot S/M fiction written by a master of literature (among other things). Eight great stories sandwiched between two smart essays—"On this Life" and "A Note on Lesbians, AIDS, and Safer Sex."

Lovers: Love and Sex Stories

Tee Corinne, Banned Books.
PO Box 33280-231, Austin, TX 78764.

Erotic stories by artist and writer Tee Corinne. Optimistic, healing, loving and entertaining.

The First Stroke

Cappy Kotz, Lace Pubs.

A delicious collection of powerfully written short stories full of lesbian characters and scenes. Guaranteed to leave you hot & horny.

Nighthawk

Artemis Oakgrove, Lace Pubs.

Lesbian s/m sexual fiction. Full of strong women and explicit passages.

The Throne Trilogy

Artemis Oakgrove, Lace Pubs. (Vol. 1, 2 and 3)

The Raging Peace I, Dreams of Vengeance II, Throne of Council III. These three books create a sexual soap opera of fantasy, betrayal, reincarnation and S/M.

The Leading Edge: An Anthology of Lesbian Sexual Fiction

Lady Winston, ed., Lace Pubs.

Runs the gamut of sweet and sassy to science fiction to mean and nasty to pearls of poetry. A must for bedside libraries.

Pleasures: Women Write Erotica

Lonnie Barbach, ed., Doubleday & Co.

The first major women-authored erotica collection of the 80s. Soft lesbian content.

Lesbian Bedtime Stories

Terry Woodrow, ed., Tough Dove Books.

From humor to hot romance, fantasy to everyday, a collection of bedtime stories for yourself or for company.

Trash

Dorothy Allison, Firebrand Press.

A fierce, heavy and exquisitely-crafted collection of short stories about Southern hunger, lesbian appetite, the power of family and dimensions of lust.

Serious Pleasure: Lesbian erotic stories and poetry

Sheba Collective, eds., Sheba Feminist Pubs.

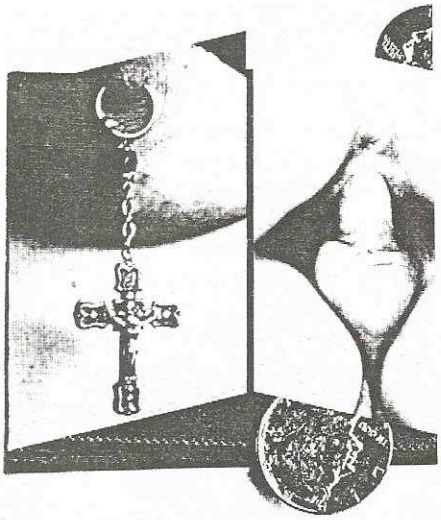
Sometimes too serious, this anthology of international lesbian writing is still a ray of erotic sunshine from foggy England.

I don't drink. I don't wear underwear. And I *don't* "do" public transportation. I suck on Bons Bons pretending it's my therapist. I watch

Politics/Biography

A Restricted Country
Joan Nestle, Firebrand Books.

Stories and essays which, when read together, create our history of the documentation and growth of a strong, observant lesbian from her 1940s to our 1980s. Words with meat on them, ideas with fire in them, this book must be passed down.



Caught Looking

Long Time Passing: Lives of Older Lesbians
Marcy Adelman, Ed., Alyson Publications.

Women over 60 speak of age-related concerns, of the life during the 40s and 50s, many with explicit and revealing descriptions of sexuality.

Sex Work
Ed., Frederique Delacost and Priscilla Alexander, Cleis Press.

Writings by women in the sex industry. Essays, fiction and poetry by and about women living as prostitutes, exotic dance escorts, porn actresses and nude models.

Caught Looking
FACT, Real Comet Press.

FACT, the Feminist Anti-Censorship Task Force, has brought us a lively, well-designed collection of smart essays with dirty pictures. Writings on the politics of sexuality, neo-puritanism and hot feminist sex are appropriately mixed with historical and contemporary porn images.

- Alive and Well: A Lesbian Health Guide

Sexual Health

AIDS: The Women
Ines Rieder and Patricia Ruppelt, eds., Cleis Press.

A hard tender anthology of women's experience in the AIDS epidemic. Essays and stories by 43 women covering families, lovers, friends, diagnosed women, caregivers, prostitution, education and prevention policies.

The New Our Bodies/Ourselves
Boston Women's Health Book Collective. Touchstone, Simon & Schuster.

A comprehensive guide to women's well-being and autonomy. Offers sound information on physical, emotional and psychological issues confronting today's women. Covers sexuality, fertility, childbearing and ageing.

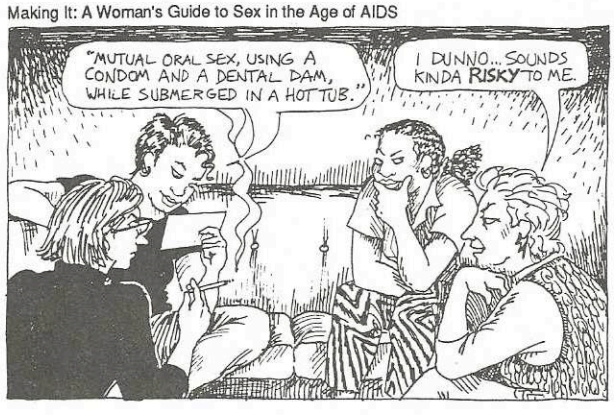
Alive and Well: A Lesbian Health Guide
Cuca Hepburn and Bonnie Gutierrez, Crossing Press.

A holistic-oriented book dealing with matters of physical and psychological lesbian health. It covers social and community health issues, individual wellness and sexuality. Unfortunately the chapter on lesbian S/M slips into an 'us-they' authority.

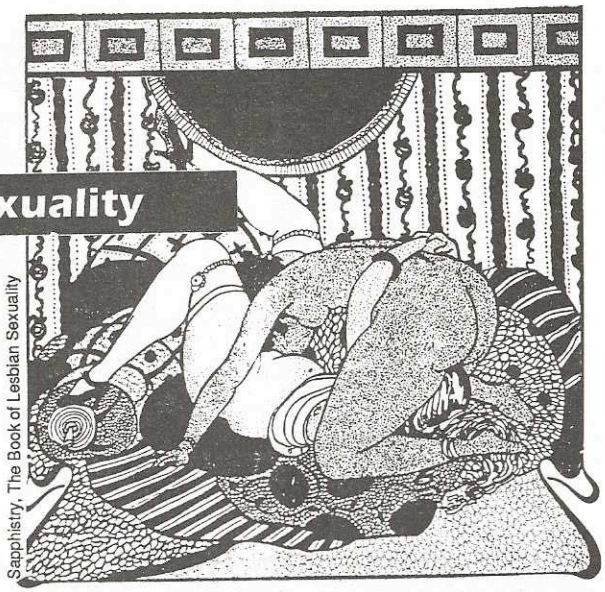
Making It: A Woman's Guide to Sex in the Age of AIDS
Cindy Patton and Janis Kelly, Firebrand Books.

Illustrated by Alison Bechdel, this highly readable pamphlet presents clear-cut non-judgemental guidelines to living as a sexually active woman in a safe and sane way. The text also appears in Spanish.

Making It: A Woman's Guide to Sex in the Age of AIDS



Lesbian Sexuality



Sapphistry, The Book of Lesbian Sexuality

Coming to Power
Samois, eds.,
Alyson Publications.

A stunning smorgasbord of sexual politics, humor, erotica, treatises, theories and lessons on contemporary lesbian S/M. A must for feminists, hussies & churchgoers.

Lesbian Passion: Loving Ourselves and Each Other
JoAnn Loulan with Mariah Burton Nelson,
Spinsters/Aunt Lute.

Focuses on how lesbians can develop and maintain self-esteem in a homophobic world. Casual and intimate writing offers healthy perspectives on sex toys, celibacy, self love and recovery.

Coming to Power

Lesbian Sex
JoAnn Loulan, Spinsters Ink.

A friendly textbook on (re) discovering/claiming our bodies in a sexual, loving, and respectful way. Chock full of fun "homework" exercises.

Sapphistry, The Book of Lesbian Sexuality
Pat Califia, Naiad Press.

A comprehensive and readable discussion of the many forms of lesbian sex. Informative, smart, without judgement but accepting and encouraging of all women's power.

Basic Health and Safety for Woman To Woman S/M
Pat Califia, Lace Publications.

Thirteen essays by some seriously smart and hot dykes. It makes overt the necessary physical and emotional safety precautions which should be practiced by all sexually active lesbians. The scent of leather and gleam of chrome should not deter any "vanilla" devotees.

Sex For One:The Joy of Selfloving
Betty Dodson, Crown Publications.

A priceless book for any woman ready to begin the adventure of sexual acceptance and growth. Presents masturbation in a good, sexy and healthy light.

Cunt Coloring Book
Tee Corinne, Last Gasp.

Artfully done line drawings exploring and expressing the wide bouquet of women's cunts.

Videos

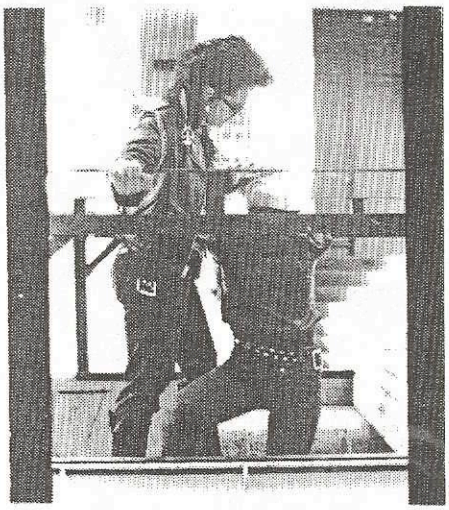
Burlezk Live, *Fatale Video*
The best in woman-to-woman striptease, highlights from the longest running lesbian show in history.

Clips, *Fatale Video*
Three voyages into safe sextacy: computer enhanced anal masturbation; silkscarf play with lip to clit dessert and the most erotic of butch/femme scenes with a soaking g-spot ejaculation.

Erotic In Nature, *Tiger Rose*
Uninhibited fantasy acts gets our women out of the city into the bush. Re-defines "watersports" and "dining out."

Fantasy Dancer, *Tiger Rose*
More than highly erotic stripteasing, a woman audience member shifts from passive viewing to active performing as she makes it on stage.

Hay Fever, *Tiger Rose*
A Western take on vaudevillian-like comedy complete with bad lesbians, goofy couples, lots of moaning, horses and a nice helping of tits and ass.



Shadows

Private Pleasures, *Fatale Video*
An elegant handsome couple engage in graphic scenes of penetration while being spied upon by a beautiful woman who takes her pleasure as well.

Shadows, *Fatale Video*
An urban dungeon is the setting for a whipping and amazing penetration. The sling scene will hold you breathless.

Where There's Smoke, *Tiger Rose*
A tenant and a landlady engage in a fireside sexual encounter and then some.

Hungry Hearts, *Fatale Video*
Just released—cast with lesbians who are real life strippers, this couple take to an ocean retreat for a night of torrid sex, play and passionate lovemaking.

On Our Backs is one of the rare publications *in the world* to honor and explore women's sexuality — our desires and our fantasies —

FROM THE DESK *(continued from page 4)*

phenomenon in 1984. *On Our Backs* was the bridge between the only two avenues available to lesbian artists at the time: publish mainstream and reap financial compensation but never admit to being lesbian, or stay within your downwardly mobile–loving community and never make a dime. Many of the writers, photographers and models who make *On Our Backs* what it is, and who have grown in influence and sophistication with us over the last five years, are celebrated in this issue.

We created a large and diverse lesbian market via a mail order and wholesale distribution system, which we built from scratch. Every bookstore or video store we contacted presented an uphill struggle to educate them about women, sex and lesbianism in order to get them to carry our products, but we continue undaunted. Women have a right to find erotic materials made by and for them located conveniently in their neighborhood store.

We also suspected that the conservative political feminists who controlled the lesbian media were speaking to only a small percentage of lesbians. When a conservative feminist bookstore in a certain city refused to carry us (though most gave in with time), we went to the dirty bookstore on the wrong side of the tracks, and lo and behold, who did we find working behind the counter but a lesbian, who welcomed us with a smile. Here was the key to a large, untapped lesbian market that both gays and straights alike still tell us does not exist. These women were dykes because they fucked women, not because they were card–carrying members of a political movement. Sex was their reason for being lesbian, and they made no bones about it.

Perhaps it was politically important at the time to downplay the sexual aspects of being a lesbian and highlight the lifestyle characteristics instead, but the sexual denial was coming perilously close to sending us back into our closets. The right-wing anti-porn movement had co-opted the feminist anti-violence movement. It was essential that lesbians claim their sexuality or be forever victimized by it.

During the late 70s and early 80s, it was alarming how removed feminists had become from our early beginnings. The saying "control over our bodies" meant sexual autonomy as well. In the *On Our Backs* office, we have a historic poster from a National Organization of Women conference on sexuality in 1973. Workshops included: the right to sexual self-determination, sexual identity, sexual fantasies, lesbianism, bisexuality, older women's sexuality, teenage and childhood sex, S/M, liberating masturbation and orgasm, open marriage and group sex. Ten years later, by 1983, the mainstream women's movement was literally gagged on these issues. Obviously, feminism had veered dangerously off the path. *On Our Backs* reflected, and in some cases directed, the growing urgency by a pro-sex wing of feminists to set ourselves back on the road to sexual liberation.

On Our Backs strives to express the full diversity of lesbian sexual behavior. We consider those who protest as ignorant and fearful of the complexities of sex. Often, the anger is misdirected. Women want sexual power, but are denied the right to it because of the double standard. Let this dismissal of our sexual rights and desires always make us angry! But we must remember that sex is not the culprit. As women, we have a lot to learn about sex, because we have been denied access to information and uninhibited practice. Our mission at *On Our Backs* is to educate as well as arouse; to foster sexual tolerance, understanding and fulfillment.

On Our Backs' last important accomplishment was having lesbians' erotic needs considered and catered to for the first time in advertising history. We found a considerable group of small business owners making quality sex toys. They, like us, had rejected the good-old-boys'–club, locker–room approach to "marital aids". Their products were functional and aesthetically pleasing, the antithesis of the stag party gag gift.

It was gratifying to watch these small business owners, many of them lesbian, growing along with us into a movement, which Susie Bright coined "the bloom in women's erotica". Women started owning their own sex toy stores, making videos, publishing mags, producing erotic events, and making leather goods and fantasy wear that fit a woman's body. To witness these small beginnings was exciting, but their ramifications ten to twenty years down the road will be revolutionary.

As we enter the 1990s, lesbians will be setting the trends in sexual imagery and paraphernalia, and influencing the sexual attitudes and behaviors of the mainstream. No small potatoes for having the guts to come out proudly with our sexuality, and tell it like it is. Δ

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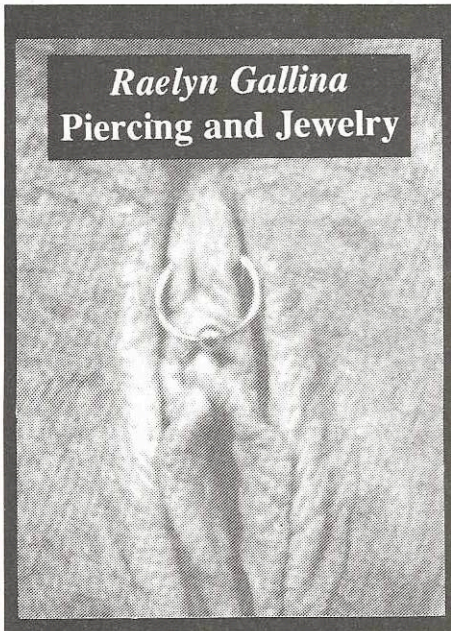

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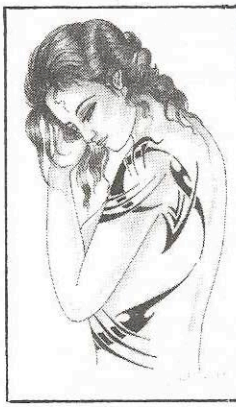

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EROTIC-GO... *(continued from page 22)*

Pansy. Pansy wasn't in the mood for an "open relationship."

I chuckled, then winced, as a zipper of pain shot up my left flank. Gasping into consciousness, I suddenly realized I was on a bed of nails. Holy Morticia.

My eyes fought for focus. I was in a crummy office, a boxy little room with peeling linoleum, faded mustard walls and a film of dust on the sagging window ledge. Through the cracked pane, a flashing neon martini glass lent a pinkish glow to the decrepit surroundings. I spied an ornately framed document to the right of the window. It read "Sue Slew, Private Heat."

I turned my head, blinking. There she was, in the flesh, a hulking chinless lass in a fedora, leaning precariously on the edge of a rickety card table.

She laughed.

"That doesn't look like a real private eye license," I blustered, struggling to roll off my prickly perch.

"People will believe any ruse so long as you treat 'em right." She strolled my way, knocking me playfully back onto the nails.

"What am I doing here?" I demanded.

"I was hired to investigate you." She ran a wormy finger up inside the leg of my satin culottes. "You know, I'll find out all your secrets."

I froze. Sue Slew cracked a snaky smile. She looked me over, eyes rheumy in their cavernous sockets, and asked, "So, my little filly, what do you do for fun?"

Elizabeth Pincus
Monday Nights
(Spring 1987)

My ex–lover's sarcastic query and her use of the pet name I hated irritated the hell out of me. I knew her envy of my new relationship and my idyllic life on Bora Bora fueled her sarcasm. I decided to feed her envy with my answer.

"Well, let's see," I said, tossing my red mane of hair to tease her, "This morning I paddled my surfboard out to my lover's private island. I went for a swim. The clear water sparkled beneath me as the sand reflected the sun. Each object below—moon coral, tubeworms, urchins—was cause for concentrated study and wonder. Tiny yellow milletseed butterfly–fishes nipped at my fingers.

"The water was warm and the slight current washed over me. I floated on my surfboard face down, my legs and hands

dangling in the water. There was an occasional nibble from one of my yellow friends. I thought about a woman I loved in San Francisco. I thought of hiding in the park with her and wind whipping the fog through the eucalyptus. I could not see us as we were: clasped together, urgent in our need. Instead, I viewed the scene through an infra–red lens. Around us it was cool, green, and we were burning in a dark red aura of heat into the film. Our movements caused the aura to undulate. I felt our passion in my throat and loins quite separate from the heat of the sun on my back or the coolness of the water on my hands and legs. I touched my cunt with cool, wet fingers, and gasped as they slid through the warmth the thought of her had created. My face was pressed against the board. My fingers moved slowly, so slowly that the board barely moved in the water, and my nibbling friends did not dart away. My fingers were quelling the passion, not unleashing it; their slow, delicate strokes rhythmically recalled the feeling of entering her, feeling her cunt tighten around my fingers, and then give way. I gasped in release and felt the pulse spread through my body and dissipate. The infra-red scene faded. The sound of the surf caressed my body.

Suddenly I was thrown into the water. I heard the clicking first and then high–pitched laughter. My erotic thoughts had drawn the dolphins. The horny little devils.

My ex–lover glared at me and muttered, "You were thinking of that bitch you cheated on me with, weren't you?"

I put my hands on my hips but decided not to sneer. My visit to the seamstress could hardly be called cheating: I had been surrounded by packing boxes marked "Johnny Walker," a couple of mismatched glasses and a half–empty box of baking powder; that was all she'd left behind in one of her whirlwind flights. I'd given up by that point, thrown it all into boxes I found behind the bar and moved into a second–story flat. There I was, again, wrapped up like a chipped cup in the newspaper of another divorce. I sat on a Tanqueray box and swigged a beer.

That's when I saw the seamstress – across the driveway, downstairs in a bay window. The seamstress was a small woman, the sleeves of her white shirt rolled up. a yellow tape measure around her neck and a pin–cushion strapped to her wrist. She walked slowly, looked closely at a woman in a tight blue dress who stood on a platform with her arms straight out to her sides, eyes closed. The tailor held the tape measure as if it were a lapel, crossed in front of her client, so her chest was slightly higher than eye level. I shifted in my seat at the thought of her inspection. The seamstress looked the woman up and down, reached up and ran her fingers along the neckline of the dress, then along the darts. She cupped the woman's breasts, smoothed the bodice. I put down my beer. What sort of a fitting was this? I wondered. The seamstress gathered a row of the bodice between her fingers as if to tighten the fit, but pinched the cloth at the nipples with a steady grip. I stood, then smoothed the front of my shirt. The client tilted her head back, then dropped her arms and reached for the seamstress. But she quickly moved aside and disappeared into the shadows of the room, leaving the woman in the dress to run her own hands down her ribs and step off the platform.

Hours later, after I had unpacked the kitchen, I approached the window from the side rather than boldly face–front, and the seamstress was there again. Same pin cushion, same tape measure, but different client. This woman was standing on a chair on the platform, with only her legs and the hem of a full–skirted flowered dress visible. The seamstress circled the client, bunching the hem in the palm of her hand, checking for stray fabric. Standing to the client's side, she stopped, then turned her face up to my window, lifted the flowering material and slid her face inside the woman's skirt. I stepped back from the window, but reconsidered my plan to hang curtains.

As dusk fell, I crept back to the window. The seamstress was alone this time, boldly facing the windows and my apartment. She knew she had my attention. She ran her fingers along a needle and thread, snapped it taut and slid the needle through the button panel of her open shirt. With a long, expansive gesture, she reached over her shoulder and slipped a stitch into the back of the shirt. She pulled it so the shirt opened and exposed her breast and a tight brown nipple. The seamstress stitched the side of the shirt to reveal her torso, the black thread pulling across her ribs. With each motion, I inhaled and watched the cloth. I pressed my hands against the glass. She stitched a sleeve to a collar to expose a shoulder, gathered

Jan Stafford
Bizarro in Love
(excerpt)
(Spring 1985)

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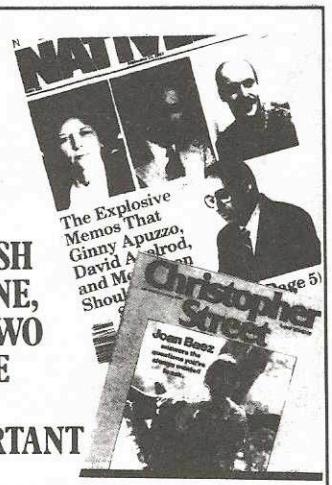

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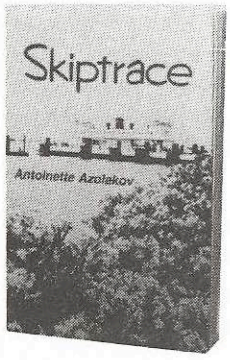

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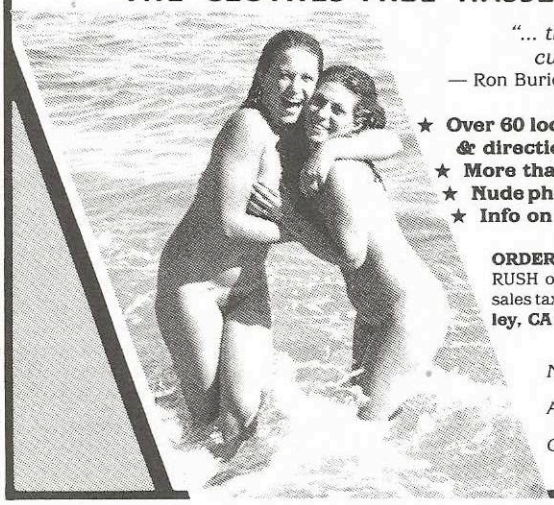

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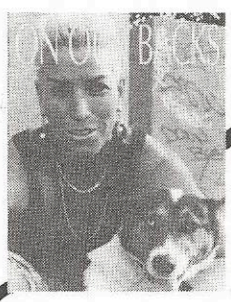

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Jess Wells
The Succubus
(Spring 1985)

the button panel to frame her belly, and as I leaned forward against the glass, she stitched the hem of the shirt through the darts, with motions so slow I thought the metal must be grazing her skin. The cloth raised to show a sculpted hip and a dense triangle of hair. Bound now with thread and stretching cloth, she held the glinting needle as if asking for direction. I picked up my house keys, the curtains better mended than hung, and headed out the door towards the car, when my lover Christina called down from the bedroom window.

"Leavin' so soon?"

I looked up at her and smiled. "I gotta go to work, babe," I said, opening the car door.

"Well, come up for a sec, I got something to tell you."

I closed the door and headed back into the house upstairs to her. She lay there naked on the bed, legs propped open.

"You mean to tell me you're leaving without fucking me goodbye?" she cooed, runing her hand along her inner thigh to her cunt.

Subtle as usual.

"I'm going to be late, again." I grinned, taking off my jacket.

Christina slipped two fingers into her cunt, stroking it as I got undressed. I laid down on the bed and pulled her to me gently, kissing her softly.

She pushed me back suddenly. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"Making love you you, what else?":

"No, no." She laughed, rolling over and opeining up the nightstand drawer full of our toys. She pulled out our favorite, the seven–inch, ahem, life–like dildo and lube, shoving them into my hands, "I don't want you to be too late for work," she giggled.

I shook my head at her, and squeezed a glob of lube on the tip of the dildo, spreading it up and down the length. Christina positioned herself on the bed. I sat between her open legs and rubbed the head of the dildo back and forth over her swelling clit.

Mickey Warnock
Donna 15
(Jan. 1989)

"Cut the crap, you two!" Foss ordered good-naturedly. Her long freckled face was flushed, her eyes twinkling.

"Yeah!" Halvorson echoed. "We're

On Our Backs points the finger where nature intended the finger to point. You've opened thousands

having a strength contest, not an orgy."

"Why not?" Krege ran her tongue over her lips and a quick hand up Halvorson's muscular thigh.

"Aw, hell, I forgot." I pulled a sheepish face, and kept on rubbing Weaver's clit. It peeked from among her thick dark curls, looking me right in the eye.

"I'm just warming up." Weaver slid her hands over her tits and down her long body. "You never said a contestant can't warm up."

"You're overheated!" Halvorson laughed. "Come on!"

"Here's the meter. Put up or shut up." Foss sat up and thrust out the sphincter-strengthener she had kiped from the base infirmary. It looked like a crooked turkey-baster, with colored gradations all along the tube.

"Okay, okay." Weaver took it and ran her tongue all over the bulb.

"Try that on me next," I said hopefully. Weaver just pushed my hand away and slid the bulb slowly up her cunt. The tube stuck out in front. She stood over me like a goddess with a glass dick.

Kresge leaned forward, arms pushing her tits together. Foss counted down: "Three, two, one, squeeze!"

Before my admiring eyes, the glass dick turned red, clear to its end.

"Alright!" I cheered. "Grip of iron!"

Weaver slid the meter out with a slimy popping noise and a self-satisfied look, and sat back to watch the rest of us.

Foss held out the dice. I rolled two fives. Kresge got a four and a five, Halvorson a two and a three, Foss a three and a six.

"Halvorson. Front and Center!" Foss snapped. "Cunt-testing position, assume!"

Halvorson stood up and spread her strong thick legs the regulation shoulder-length apart.

"Boiled lettuce Halvorson," I jeered.

Halvorson tossed her head and gave me the finger. "That was a practice run."

Weaver stretched up her sinewy arms and smoothed back her silky hair. "Need help warming up?"

"Hey," I piped up. "That's my job."

"Both of you shut up and watch an expert." Halvorson slipped the bulb up her sweet blonde cunt that I'd never been able to get near, and grinned rakishly. "Start counting, Foss."

Foss said, "Fuck that! I've always hated oral sex anyway. What's erotic about getting pubic hair down your throat?" She took a dental dam out of her wallet and dropped it on the girl's belly. "You need this more than I do, buddy. But I wouldn't be in your place if I had the Hoover Dam in between me and that raunchy phang."

Her arch–enemy flipped the square of latex into the dirt. "You're all sour grapes and hot air, Foss. She's mine now," she boasted. Then she plastered her face against the girl's crotch.

Foss laughed. "You're making a lot more noise than she is. You idiot. She wants a hard hand, not a soft tongue. You'd get a lot more out of the bitch if you'd keep *her* mouth busy."

Her rival's only response was to redouble her lingual labor. Foss said, "Hear that? You'd better get off quick. The Cennobites are coming and this is the last time anybody is ever going to suck your pussy."

The roar of a dozen motorcycles filled the wooded clearing. Their riders wore the same bike–club colors that hung from Foss' shoulders.

"Yo!" she yelled. "Right this way, buds. Happy birthday, merry Christmas, have yourselves a party." To the girl, she said, "Hope you know how to say your prayers. Having some callouses on your knees would be a blessing."

Foss' rival came to her feet, reaching for the knife she had in her boot. But the blonde on the ground was quicker. She snatched the blade from its hidden sheath and tumbled her admirer into Foss' arms.

The Cennobites descended upon the buxom little traitor and began to rip, cut and tear what little clothing she wore from her body. Soon she was strung up between two saplings, making the acquaintance of every single biker and squealing, "Harder! Faster! Use two hands!"

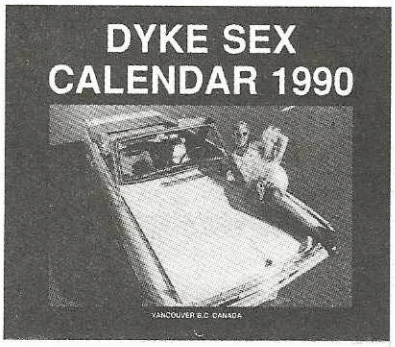
"As for you," Foss said to the defeated foe beneath her heel, "Since you like licking clit so much, start softening up your mouth on this dirty old boot of mine."

The results were not all she had hoped for. "I have a feeling you aren't trying to be all that you can be," Foss said reproachfully. She slid her belt out of its loops. "How many strokes do you think it's gonna take for you to get promoted to something sweeter than that greasy steel toe? Start counting now!"

Δ

Rebecca Ripley
The Initiation
(Winter 1988)

Pat Califia
The Vampire
(fr. Macho Sluts)
(Fall 1988)



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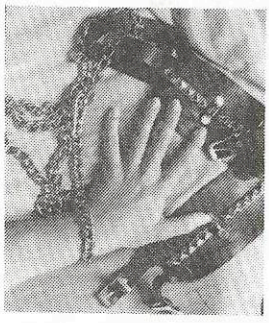

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Traveling to Atlanta or the Southeast? *ETCETERA*, the Southeast's most widely read weekly magazine is available for only $2.00 per issue. Send to: ETC, P.O. Box 8916, Atlanta, GA 30306.

BAD ATTITUDE
A lesbian sex magazine. Hot and irreverent. $12 for a three issue subscription / $4 for a sample copy. Writers guidelines are available. Send check or money order to: Bad Attitude, P.O. Box 110, Cambridge, MA 02139.

GAY CHICAGO MAGAZINE
Visiting or thinking of moving to Chicago? Get a sample copy of the weekly entertainment guide, Gay Chicago Magazine, 3121 N. Broadway, Chicago, IL 60657. 6 mos. subscription $45; 1 year $80.

SEXUAL MAGIC
The S/M Photographs, by Michael Rosen. A high-quality paperback of fine art photographs of hot, real, hetero, lesbian and gay sadomasochistic sex with revealing text by the participants. "These are real sadomasochists at play, not models. Rosen has captured the moments of true beauty and transcendence"—*Pat Califia.* $23 postpaid. Shaynew Press, Dept. 0, PO Box 11719, San Fran CA 94101.

WANTED: LESBIAN WRITING AND ART
Diversity: The Lesbian Rag wants to print more fiction, nonfiction, humor, poetry, fantasy, erotica, reviews, news, photography, cartoons, graphics—work that expresses the wild variety of lesbian experiences. Send us yours! Readers say: "an outlet for our passions," "a fun kind of magazine," "made me laugh, cry, feel acknowledged," "almost better than sex." Subscriptions (1st class, plain envelope, sliding scale, Canadian funds): $12-15 Canada, $15-18 US, $18-20 overseas. Sample copy: $1.50. SASE for contributor's guidelines. Diversity, PO Box 66106, Stn. F, Vancouver V5N 5L4 Canada.

STORIES WANTED
Lesbian Bedtime Stories are now sought for Volume II. We want quality and rich diversity: unpublished short stories offering humor, problem-solving, warmth or hope. Consensual editing. Payment. Lesbians of Color are especially encouraged. Send stories with SASE, or SASE for guidelines, before April, 90. Tough Dove Books, Box 528, Little River, CA 95456.

GROUPS

EROTIC MASSAGE NETWORK FORMING
Seeking Bi/Gay/Feminist women in SF wanting to exchange sensual/sexual/erotic massage with other women of all shapes, sizes, colors and ages. If you enjoy giving and receiving pleasure through touch, write Box 594.

OUTER LIMITS
Outer Limits is an educational support and social group for lesbian s/m women in the Seattle area. PO Box 22805, Seattle, WA 98122.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE
Lesbian Alumnae of Wellesley (LAW) was formed to help lesbian alumnae contact each other and to create a supportive network for ourselves. Absolutely confidential! Quarterly newsletter. For information: LAW, PO Box 42, Cambridge, MA 02140.

MT HOLYOKE
All lesbian and bisexual women with connections to MHC welcome — hundreds nationwide. Send long SASE, ideas to D. Albino, 119 Dakota, Dorchester, MA 02124.

S/M INDIANAPOLIS
Sweet Misery, a lesbian S/M group, has formed in Indianapolis. Contact: Sweet Misery, PO Box 11690, Indianapolis, IN 46201-0690.

S/M SEATTLE
Outer Limits is an educational support and social group for lesbian S/M women in the Seattle area. Outer Limits, PO Box 22805, Seattle, WA 98122

THE WISHING WELL
Lesbians write/meet through The Wishing Well, established 1974. Non-computerized, personal, warm, supportive, confidential, prompt. Code numbers used throughout. $5 intro copy (discreet, 1st class). NEW: "Well Talk Tapes". Inquire: PO Box 713090, Santee, CA 92072-3090.

NYC/ TRI-STATE AREA
L.S.M is a lesbian & bisexual women's S/M support, educational and social group. Contact: L.S.M., PO Box 993, Murray Hill Station, NY, 10156.

BUSINESS

LESBIAN APPLIANCE REPAIR
Free estimates. Work evenings and weekends. Low rates. All appliances. Vera: (415) 664-3597. San Francisco and East Bay.

LIVE FREE IN BEVERLY HILLS
Beautiful, feminine BI-girl, mid-20s, voluptuously built, wants same to share deluxe apartment behind house of my handsome multimillionaire boyfriend in Beverly Hills. We'll live free on magnificent property in a 3-way relationship with some light domestic duties. Want stable, nonsmoking girl, no drugs, not butch. Photo with letter to PO Box 6464, Beverly Hills, CA 90212.

BEAUTIFY YOUR PUBIC HAIRS
Licensed electrolysist/cosmetician will straighten, bleach, or permanently remove your pubes in private West Hollywood Salon. Mary (213) 656-0913.

EROTIC FULL MASSAGE
By attractive loving oriental lesbian. Clean/discreet. Nina (213) 657-6867.

CLOSET EXHIBITIONISTS AND MODELS
Want to be seen worldwide? Adult Xchange can help. Send SASE for more information. 1626 N. Wilcox Ave. #591, Hollywood, CA 90028.

BE A SAN FRANCISCO LESBIAN SEX STAR (OR LOOK JUST LIKE ONE)
On Our Backs needs you; clothed, naked, having sex or having fun, looking seductive or being outrageous. We have experienced photographers who would like to work with you. Bay Area preferred. Don't hesitate! Send for our model application. Write to: Lulu, OOB-Models, 526 Castro, SF, CA 94114

GOSSIP WITH THE BEST
in San Francisco. *On Our Backs* needs volunteers to sit around a table and help do bulk mailings from time to time. We call you on a week's notice and you show up to stuff, lick, sort and dish with our fabulously hip and overworked staff. Drinks and chips are on us. We Need You! Call Greta and leave your daytime number: (415) 861-4723.

DRAW THE LESBIAN
On Our Backs is looking for a few good illustrators who can provide inspiring representation for our fiction and features. Send stats or photocopies of your work (do not send originals!) to Jill Posener, *On Our Backs*, 526 Castro, San Francisco, Ca 94114.

PERSONALS

***ON OUR BACKS* PERSONALS ARE FOR WOMEN SEEKING WOMEN ONLY.**

A CATCHY HEADLINE
Happily deranged 27–year–old, SF Bay Area, seeks smart, funny open–minded sex fiend for serious intimate relationship. I like inane sixth-grade humor, bizarre disturbing music, light–to– moderate S/M (mostly bottom, some top), therapy, the Oakland As, and fucking. I despise television, monogamy, cigarettes, heavy drinkers and Republicans. Tie me up and read to me from "Hitchhiker's Guide to the Gal-

Classifieds

axy." Send letter and photo, xerox or used office supplies to Box 493.

ATTRACTIVE BUTCH WANTS FEMME

Serious and monogamous only. No pain. No humiliation. I'm extremely attracted to pretty femmes, 5'6" or less, of average weight, ages 23–45. I'm muscular, trim, pretty, handsome, 35, 5'4", with shoulder–length blonde hair and green eyes. Sometimes I crossdress. I'm sexual, aggressive, and educated. Write, if you'll relocate to Los Angeles and if you want a monogamous relationship. Absolutely no drugs, alcohol or cigarettes. Take a chance, pretty femme. I'm a classy butch. Box 528.

HOT IN HARRISBURG, PA

Attractive blonde femme seeking attractive, sexy, slender woman to share my strong sexual desires and possible relationship. Send Photo. Box 456.

COMING TO SAN FRANCISCO

Attractive German tourist (24) visiting San Francisco in August/ September, sensitive, humorous, independent, looking for correspondence and friends who will show me the lesbian side of SF. Looking forward to hearing from you. Box 571.

I'M INSATIABLE

Middle age frenzy has struck. Can u satisfy every inch of my tall, moderately masochistic ample frame? My knees go weak for moderately dominant-sadistic, big butch women. Hurry! I'm horny as hell! Pacific No. West. Box 584.

VOYEUR SEEKS EXHIBITIONISTS

Does the thought of being observed by a beautiful woman turn you on? I hope so, because I love to watch lesbians having sex together or lesbians having sex alone! I am a 35 yr old, very attractive, lesbian of color and can't get enough of women making love. If this sounds intriguing, send a note with photo and let's do it! Like S/M scenes too, not just vanilla. Lesbians only! Los Angeles area. Box 586.

MACHO SLUT IN TORONTO

Submissive female seeks open-minded sexually dominant in Toronto "The Good." I am petite, 30-something, enjoy bondage and moderate pain. Any race or age welcome. Box 589.

HOW TO ANSWER A PERSONAL AD

1. Write your reply to the woman you are interested in. Seal it in an envelope, with:
   - your return address at the top left corner,
   - her box number in the lower left corner, and
   - a first class stamp at the top right corner.

   If you don't include these three items, we cannot send your letter to the woman whose ad you so carefully answered. (Once we receive this envelope, and when we add her name and address, we can simply drop it in the mail.)
2. Now, fold this envelope and place it into another envelope. Address it as follows:

   On Our Backs Personals • 526 Castro • San Francisco, CA 94114

LOOKING FOR LOVE

Looking for love and am traveling to get it. 24 years old, great looking, traveling from Boston to California starting September 1989. Want to meet young and old, like twosomes, threesomes, and can even enjoy more. Like top, bottom, can be all things to all women. Let's share all our cracks and curves. I am traveling to get and give it, college students to older lesbians. Send letter, photo, for same (erotic). Box 595.

BERGEN COUNTY LESBIAN

I'm a mom looking for someone who would appreciate me and my son. I'm 5', 100 lbs., femme–butch. Interests are motorcycles, leather, and I write poetry. No head games. Box 596.

SEXY BLONDE

Gorgeous bisexual, 26, looking for erotic adventures with or without boyfriend. Also enjoy light s/m play. San Francisco. Box 597.

SAN FRANCISCO BOUND

Attractive femme top, seeks femme bottom to spoil me. Desires to move to SF. Looking for a live–in relationship. Hurry, I need you! Box 598.

SONOMA COUNTY GALS!

I love to dance, and I'm good at it; so are you. So let's dress up, go out, and get down! We'll sleaze around the dance floor 'til we're so horny we can barely make it home. (How 'bout a quickie in the parking lot?) Box 599.

B.D.I.T. SEEKS STONE BUTCH

Baby Dyke in Training seeks experienced butch lover. I am an emotionally healthy, voluptuous, bronze-colored, 35 yr old, newly out black lesbian in need of a woman who knows how to love me and teach me all the ways of womanly love! The color of your skin is not nearly as important as the state of your mind! Prefer non-smoker; definitely no alcoholics, no drug users, no heavy-pain sadists. If intelligence and self-assuredness intimidate you, I'm not your girl. I need mental as well as physical stimulation. Couple that with a very sexy and loving nature and you're beginning to get to know me! So if you like to read books, love big tits, love to eat pussy, know how to use a dildo, and are turned on by a woman who likes Mozart and motorcycles, I just may be the woman of your dreams. Am anxiously anticipating receiving my first spanking. Los Angeles Area. Letter and photo to box 602.

TWIN CITIES AREA

Hot rebellious bottom, 22, just moved to Mpls., seeks stern, creative mistress/fuckbuddy to whip me into shape. I'm politically incorrect, non-monogamous and horny as hell. Write and tell me what you'll do to me. Box 600.

L.A. SENSUOUS WITCH

Are you a sensuous witch, an amazon sister? Do you enjoy hot, ecstatic sex? Let's explore each other, every dimension. Write soon. Blessed be! P.S. No alcohol, drugs or tobacco. Box 603.

WICCAN WOMEN

Wiccan and other pagan lesbians. Does goddess-dominated sensuality turn you on? Tell us about your coven and we'll tell you about ours. Char & Jo. Box 605.

NYC PLAYMATES WANTED

Butch-fem couple, ages 40 & 35, seeks lesbian singles and couples for wild fun and adventure. Join us for fantasies, erotic games, light bondage. No drugs, no pain. Box 606.

MULTI-ORGASMIC SPECIES

Attractive N.E. female. Insatiable, ravenous carnivore on the prowl for rutting mate. Prefer dyke with Amazon stature and sharp teeth. I am delightfully perverse, sexually primitive and proficient in the art of stroking. A voyeur and exhibitionist, I stalk the woman who can match my libido and control my constant, fervid estrus. I dare you to respond. Grrrr! Box 607.

HIGH HEELS & LEATHER

Do you want what everyone wishes they had? An attractive, sexy AF that loves to be held in bondage by a gorgeous lady like yourself. Why wonder—write! Box 608.

FEMINIST STRIPPER

Hot dancer seeking sexy woman for one-to-one encounters. I'm into lingerie, leather, lace and champagne. I'm femme, bisexual, brunette, semi-submissive and discreet. I'll be your private dancer. Philadelphia area. All replies valued and answered. Box 609.

VENUS OF WILLENDORF

Seeks friends, mate and east coast coven. Other goddesses encouraged. Also correspondence from anywhere. Box 610.

POTENTIAL FRIENDS AND LOVERS

GWF seeks same. Life is shaping up, and now's the time to share. I'm 24, into sports, writing and music. If you recognize and respect a good prospect, reply. No drugs or heavy drinking. Box 611.

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